

THE EARTHQUAKE HORROR IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

JANUARY 24, 1907

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No. 2681

LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY



SUCCORING A STORM-TOSSED WANDERER OF THE DEEP.

OCEAN-GOING TUG, FAR OUT AT SEA, PREPARING TO TOW TO PORT A WAVE-BATTERED AND ICE-COATED SHIP.

Drawn by J. Duncan Gleason.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

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Thursday, January 24, 1907

America's Little Rebellions.

DO THE excited Californians who threaten rebellion
on account of President Roosevelt's determina-
tion to execute the law on the Japanese issue know
what became of the other American insurgents? Perhaps they think that the only uprising against the
government was that of 1861-65. If they do they are
astray.

Daniel Shays, who was a populist a century before
Peffer and populism had a local habitation or a name,
had a real grievance in the high taxes and the lack of
money in the community to pay them with. But the
Governor of Massachusetts suppressed Shays as
promptly as the Governor of California and President
Roosevelt would extirpate these San Francisco preach-
ers of rebellion in 1907 if they should raise their
hands against the government. Shays's rebellion,
which took place in 1786, had the excellent effect of
hastening the convention which framed the Constitu-
tion that superseded the loose-jointed confederation,
and created a government that could govern.

When the whiskey distillers of Pennsylvania rose in
rebellion against the government's tax on their product
in 1794 President Washington quickly put them down.
Jefferson was not exactly constructed to be a great
war President, but he proceeded with some vigor and
effect against Burr when that conspirator started out
to put his Western and Southwestern imperial project
into operation. The handful of Federalists in the
Hartford convention of 1814, who opposed their gov-
ernment in the war then being waged against Eng-
land, and who, it was charged, plotted secession,
fortunately for themselves stopped short of overt
acts of rebellion, but they passed sentence of political
death upon themselves. Jackson's prompt action in
holding the army and navy ready to put down nullifi-
cation with a strong hand, if it took concrete shape,
saved Calhoun, Hayne, and the other South Carolina
leaders from the fate which befell their successors of
1861, and likewise foreshadowed the fate that would
hit the sand-lot conspirators if they should attempt to
carry out any of their threats.

Thomas W. Dorr raised a comic-opera rebellion
against the government of Rhode Island in 1842 which
President Tyler would have quickly suppressed had
not the Governor of Dorr's State saved Tyler the
trouble by dispersing Dorr's dupes and by locking up
Dorr. When Brigham Young and his Mormons raised
their rebellion of 1857 they had a thousand miles of
surrounding wilderness to help them, and they had a
weak President, Buchanan, to fight. In the end, how-
ever, Young and his followers were forced to obey the
laws of the nation. At the time that Debs, in his
railway strike in Chicago in 1894, defied the national
authorities by holding the United States mails, he had
Governor Altgeld on his side, but President Cleveland
promptly suppressed him.

The San Francisco agitators would do well to take a
look at the fate which has hit every man, before and
since 1861, who has raised his hand against the nation's
laws and authority.

And there is President Roosevelt's big stick to be
reckoned with, too.

Roosevelt's Cabinet Transformations.

THE ANNUAL report which Ethan A. Hitchcock,
Secretary of the Interior, recently made, was his
valedictory. He is about to step down and be suc-
ceeded by James R. Garfield, Commissioner of Corpo-
rations in the Department of Agriculture, a son of the
former President. At Hitchcock's retirement only
one member of President Roosevelt's original Cabinet

will remain—James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture.

The twenty-six changes which have been made in
President Roosevelt's Cabinet during the five and a
third years of his service exceed those of any other
President during eight years. Several Presidents—
Washington, the first Adams, Jackson, Tyler, and
others—changed their Cabinets throughout during
their service. But in Washington's days the Cabinet
consisted of only four members, while it has nine in
Roosevelt's time. It is in the shifting of officials
from one position to another in the Cabinet, however,
that the present executive has made the widest depa-
rture in Cabinet construction from any of his prede-
cessors.

Pierce alone among the Presidents retained his
Cabinet unbroken to the close of his service. Every-
body knew when Roosevelt entered office that he
would not be anxious to equal the Pierce record.
The changes in the President's council in the present
régime came early, and they followed each other rap-
idly. President Roosevelt's official family has had
some strong men—Hay, Root, Taft, Shaw, Hitch-
cock, and others—and the average age of its members
has been less than that of most of the Cabinets.
Moreover, seldom has as efficient a working body sat
down at a President's council table as that which Mr.
Roosevelt has to-day.

Shall State Rights Be the Issue?

SENATORS WHYTE and Rayner of Maryland have
introduced resolutions which are aimed at the as-
sertions of Federal power made by President Roose-
velt in his messages on the San Francisco school issue
and by Secretary Root in his address before the Penn-
sylvania Society in New York. Many prominent
Democratic papers—the New York World, the Balti-
more Sun, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Charles-
ton News and Courier, the St. Louis Republic, the
Chattanooga Times, the New Orleans Picayune and
the Times-Democrat, the Galveston News and others—
urge their party to assail the Republicans on this
line, and to make State sovereignty the paramount
question for 1908. Perhaps the advice of these
papers would be good for their party to follow.
Under a reasonably popular leader on a State-rights
platform the Democracy in 1908 might be able to poll
more votes than it did under Bryan and free silver in
1896 and 1900 and under Parker and negation in 1904.
Yet a canvass on that line ought not to have any ter-
rors for the Republicans.

Probably the Republican leaders would welcome a
contest which would turn on the country's opinion of
the sort of centralization which Mr. Root favors and
which Mr. Roosevelt has been putting into operation
in laws which he has induced Congress to pass. In
the first session of the present Congress, laws were
enacted placing the quarantine, the prevention of the
adulteration of foods, meat inspection, and the regula-
tion of railway rates under national control. These
and several other acts passed in that session of Con-
gress made a large increase in the scope of the Fed-
eral government's activities. Except railway-rate
regulation, every one of those measures represented a
duty which the States ought to have performed, but
which they refused or neglected to perform. Had
the States risen to the level of their opportunities in
erecting quarantine barriers and in preserving the
purity of foods and meats, the national government
would not have stepped in to do this work. In pass-
ing these laws the President and Congress did not
assail State rights, but they supplied State omissions
and corrected State blindness or cowardice.

It was noticed that the country, Democrats as well
as Republicans, and the South as well as the North,
applauded this action of Congress, and eulogized the
President for urging it. That outburst of popular
approval ought to warn the politicians that the coun-
try stands with the President in the sort of centraliza-
tion which he seeks.

State sovereignty came up in a dangerous shape
when a few New Englanders met in 1814, in the
Hartford convention, to protest against the war with
England, then under way, and to threaten secession;
in 1832, when South Carolina, under Calhoun's lead,
aimed to nullify a law of Congress so far as regarded
its operation in that State; and again in 1861 when
eleven States left the Union. The treatment which
State sovereignty received on those occasions should
deter the persons who are talking about making an
issue on that line in 1908. In any function which be-
longs to it, and which it is able and disposed to meet,
State sovereignty is not in the slightest danger from
anything which Secretary Root said or which Presi-
dent Roosevelt did, and aims to do. All the rights
which the States ever had, or which they ought to
have, will be left to them, if they perform them.
Law reigns and Republican government in Washing-
ton still lives.

Give Governor Hughes His Way.

THERE is one most important thing for the Re-
publicans of New York State to remember at
this time, and that is that Governor Hughes is en-
titled to have not only his say, but his way. He is
Governor; he was elected on certain precise and defi-
nite statements made by him from public platforms
during the canvass. His language was explicit and
clear. He told the people he meant what he said and
said what he meant. His message to the Legislature
is in perfect accord with his ante-election statements.
Now that he is trying to fulfill his promises, he de-
serves the party's support. The people are with him,

the press sustains him, and his party will strengthen
itself by giving him earnest and vigorous aid. If his
plans are not followed out, the Governor will not be held
responsible by the people. But somebody will. The fault
will be charged to the Republican Legislature and to
the party it represents. These are simple, self-evi-
dent truths. It may not be necessary to say them,
and they would not be said, excepting for the distor-
tion of the situation by some mischief-makers, prin-
cipally in the Democratic party, who would be de-
lighted if they could create in the Republican ranks
such confusion as has torn the Democracy to pieces.
Speaker Wadsworth of the assembly, an upright and
incorruptible man, is heartily with Governor Hughes.
The Republican leader in the senate, Mr. Raines, is
an old-line stalwart who knows the needs of his party
as well as any man in the Legislature. If our Demo-
cratic friends think they can fool either of these gen-
tlemen, or the Governor himself, they will be disap-
pointed.

The Plain Truth.

A PRESS dispatch from Hattiesburg, Miss., January
5th, reports that W. T. George was appointed
from the civil-service list to a vacant clerkship in the
Hattiesburg post-office, but, because of threats of the
white citizens, he was compelled to decline the place,
and a white man was thereupon appointed to fill it.
There appears down South to be one way of beating
the Federal civil-service law without trouble where the
color line is drawn. But what says the commission?
Has it lost its big stick?

THE MOST significant utterance on the race-track
gambling situation which has been heard for a
long time is that of the "king of the pool-rooms,"
the notorious "The" Allen of New York City. He
says—and no one is better qualified to offer an
opinion on the subject—that the passage of an anti-
race-track-gambling bill will stop all gambling on
horses in New York City, including the betting in
pool-rooms. It is fortunate that this State has a
Governor whose views on questions of public morals
are so well known as to make it a foregone conclusion
that any measure abolishing the disgrace of race-track
gambling will receive his hearty sanction.

THE New York subway is to continue to be plas-
tered with advertisements, and to be dotted with
slot-machines and vender stands. If the unfortunate
and unexpected decision of Justice McCall of the Su-
preme Court is sustained by the higher courts, there
is no reason why the subway should not be lined with
boot and shoe shops, dental offices, jewelry stores, and
butcher stalls. Judge McCall says that the city au-
thorities leased the railroad without reservation or re-
striction as to such rights, and if this be so the city
authorities deserve to take the blame for a condition
of things in our first subway which has already made
a nuisance of a part of it, and may make an abomina-
tion of all the rest. It now remains for the city au-
thorities to make the best fight they can in the higher
courts to have Justice McCall's decision overruled.

OUR EMINENT and always humorous friend, Mr.
Simeon Ford, the grand master of the cult of
hotel men, was not very far from the truth when
he said that, if the hotels of New York City should
close, they could "put the metropolis out of business."
He said this at the dinner of the Hotel Association of
New York, over which Brother Boldt, of the Waldorf-
Astoria, so felicitously presided. It is the custom of
frivolous writers to speak in the most trifling way of
the tavern-keeper and the hotel man, but, after all,
the great public owes an obligation to all first-class
hotel men. The United States is the paradise of the
hotel man of the first rank. No other country in the
world has so many well-conducted, up-to-date, luxuri-
ous hotels as the United States. The imitators of our
great hotels are found in every city on the civilized
globe. All imitate, few equal, and none surpass us in
this line. Every one concedes that the best hotels in
the country are found in New York City. We will not
say that other great cities have no good ones, but
New York has led in the effort to make the hotels of
the United States the best in the world.

WHAT is there in the congestion of our great cities
that drives the population to such sudden and
unaccountable conditions of hysteria? A unanimous
decision of the Court of Appeals of New York State,
just rendered, recalls the wild excitement which spread
throughout the city of New York over the charge
that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was wrong-
fully exacting a ten-cent fare from New York to
Coney Island—excitement which culminated in open
riot, for a time unsuppressed by the police, who were
uncertain which side they should take, while every
muck-raking journal urged on the rioters to greater
excesses. The railroad company at that time asked
for suspension of popular judgment pending the de-
cision of the courts, and the decision now handed down
sustains the legality of its action in charging the double
fare. There is enough popular respect for law, even
yet, to make it reasonably certain that the disgraceful
disturbances of last summer will not be renewed next
season; but why did they occur at all? Was it be-
cause of the existence in every great city of a horde
of the ignorant and vicious to whose passions the
"yellows" find it profitable to cater? There should
be a way of punishing these journalistic inciters to
anarchy, who are a thousand fold more criminal than
their dupes who are clubbed and arrested for following
their lead.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

THE perils which the daring firemen of our great cities have to brave were



JOHN J. C. SEUFERT,
The New York fireman who was entombed alive under burning ruins for thirty-one hours.

signally illustrated recently in the terrible experience of John J. C. Seufert, a member of the New York fire department. As he and many others were fighting a fire in a big warehouse the floors of the latter fell, and Seufert and two comrades were buried under tons of flaming paper and other debris, and all the lookers-on supposed that the three victims had been almost instantly killed. This belief prevailed for not less than twenty-four hours afterward, but then firemen still busy at the scene heard faint sounds

coming from beneath the smoking ruins, and soon realized that one of the imprisoned men was still alive. The work of rescue was begun at once and was pushed with feverish energy. Communication by tube was effected with the prisoner, and his identity as Seufert was established. It was learned that the falling debris which crushed his associates to death had formed a rude arch over him, but held him fast in a narrow space. After seven hours of herculean labor the man was released, not seriously the worse for his fearful ordeal. Pinned down by a heavy beam, Seufert had had no freedom of movement, had faced the possibility of being reached by the flames, and had been in danger of drowning from the vast volume of water poured on the ruins. But through it all he was brave and hopeful, and he is to-day one of the heroes of the metropolis.

THE FIRST appointment announced by Governor Hughes of New York was that of Charles H. Keep, for the place of superintendent of banks. Mr. Keep has been Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, and is a man of high character, experience, and unquestioned qualification for the office for which he has been named. Governor Hughes, by this appointment, emphasized his purpose to place the public service of this State on the highest possible plane. He was fortunate in his choice of Mr. Keep, and still more fortunate in obtaining the consent of his appointment to accept a position which was entirely unsought, and which involves great responsibilities, with not the most liberal compensation.

THE ONLY university in America to maintain a regular course in journalism is the University of



CHARLES M. HARGER,
Professor of journalism in the only American university which has such a course.

Kansas, which has a class of over thirty young men and young women studying regularly and doing practical newspaper work in connection with reporting college news for local papers. The course is in its third year, the growth being so great that a four-year course will probably be installed next year to run through the full college period. Now only freshmen and seniors may take the work. Two years ago the course was placed in charge of Charles Moreau Harger, editor of the Abilene (Kan.) *Reflector* and a magazine writer who frequently contributes to Eastern publications. He delivers lectures to the class and directs their work. Occasional addresses by practical newspaper men of the State are also given before the class. The seniors who were graduated last June and also took the newspaper course (amounting to five hours a week through the two years) were all engaged on leading Western papers at very good salaries immediately after graduation, and are making good in their profession.

THE BIBLE class of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a helpful institution. It attracts a large attendance, and it is a good thing that many of his sound and pithy remarks are reported in the daily papers. He struck the nail on the head when he said, recently, "Men and women marry too carelessly these days." The fact is only too familiar, but it is wholesome to emphasize it. Thoughtless marriages are not only fruitful in misery, but they also furnish most of the grist for the divorce courts. The facility of divorce

is a most prolific source of thoughtless marriages. If there were fewer thoughtless marriages there would be a healthier public sentiment concerning the sacredness of the marriage relation. If the marriage bond could not be so easily loosed, it would not be so recklessly entered into.

ANOTHER evidence that this is the age of young men is shown in the recent appointment of Civil

Engineer H. H. Rosseau as the head of the bureau of yards and docks of the Navy Department. Although only thirty-six years old, he now ranks as a rear-admiral, and is the youngest man ever called upon to fill this responsible office. Admiral Rosseau's rise in the engineering world has been phenomenal. He is a native of New York State, and in 1891 was graduated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y. In 1898 he entered the civil engineer corps of the navy, his appointment being the result of a competitive examination, at which he made the highest average. Since that time he has successfully solved many difficult engineering problems, the latest one the deepening and clearing of Mare Island Strait, California. As there are at present five large dry-docks in course of construction under the direction of the bureau of yards and docks, this youthful officer will have charge of the expenditure of several millions of dollars. Admiral Rosseau combines with his intellectual ability a charming personality, and gives every indication of being fully able to meet the requirements of his exalted position.

ADMIRAL H. H. ROSSEAU,
Chief of the bureau of yards and docks, the youngest Navy-Department head on record.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.



WALL STREET has experienced a new sensation in the movement which has been started by Mrs. J. Alden Gaylord for the introduction of a formal religious element into the strenuous business life of the financial district. Aided by the Rev. Henry Marsh Warren, the "hotel chaplain," she purposes to hold open-air prayer-meetings once a week in front of the Stock Exchange. Before these meetings are started—about the beginning of Lent, according to present plans—prayer-meetings are being held every Wednesday before and after business hours in Mrs. Gaylord's



MRS. J. ALDEN GAYLORD,
The woman broker who has begun a religious movement in Wall Street.
Stefano.

office. The first of these meetings was conducted by telephone, Mrs. Gaylord and her clerks holding the receivers to their ears while prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Warren from his study up town. Mrs. Gaylord is an active business woman who carries on the brokerage business which was conducted by her late husband, and is well known to the traders of the Street. She and Mr. Warren hope to do much good through these meetings and the confidential chats which the minister plans to have on spiritual affairs with people who find the cares of this world oppressive, and long for a few minutes of religious refuge in the midst of their exacting duties.

AT THE recent annual meeting of the Explorers' Club a letter was read from its president, General

A. W. Greely, commemorating the recent notable achievements of American explorers. In it he assigned the first place to a woman, as follows: "First and foremost I must place on the roll of distinguished American explorers the name of a woman, Mrs. Mina B. Hubbard, whose persistent and successful efforts should merit for her at least an honorary membership in the Explorers' Club. Mrs. Hubbard's journey from Hamilton Inlet to Ungava Bay, Labrador, involved six hundred miles of travel, of which much was through unknown country. The most notable original discovery was the placing of Seal Lake and Lake Michikaman in the same drainage basin, thus making Northwest and Nascaupsee rivers practically the same outlet." Mrs. Hubbard undertook the arduous and heroic work in which she was so successful in order to complete the purpose of her husband, Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., who perished of starvation in the wilds of Labrador, in October, 1903, in his own endeavor to accomplish it. She is a native of Ontario, Canada, and was educated in one of its literary institutions. Her youth, her slender and graceful figure, and the delicacy of her features are in striking contrast to her daring and wonderful achievement. Her party consisted of three Indian guides and one young Esquimaux half-breed. The American Geographical Society has published her map of the Nascaupsee and George rivers.



MRS. MINA B. HUBBARD,
The American woman who won fame as an explorer in Labrador.
Kinsman.

A SOMEWHAT acrid controversy between two popular authors lately disturbed the serenity of the literary world. Jack London, who is publishing in one of the magazines a serial story dealing with prehistoric man, was accused by Stanley Waterloo of plagiarizing at least a chapter of the latter's tale of the time of the cavemen, issued in 1897. Comparison of the stories revealed remarkable similarities, with appearances decidedly against London. In attempting to meet the charge, London asserted that his production was a reply to Waterloo's, an explanation which to most readers seemed lacking in point and very lame.

THE United Society of Christian Endeavor, since the organization of its publication department in 1889,

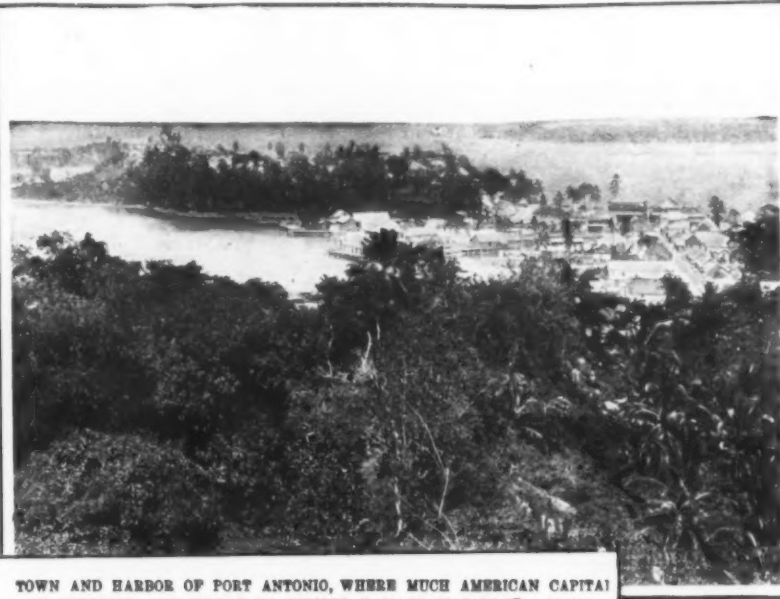
has made a record unparalleled in the history of religious and philanthropic organizations. It has been self-supporting, not appealing to the churches of the different denominations represented in its origin and history. Every dollar required for carrying on its work has been earned by this department. William Shaw became its manager on the date mentioned, and he has been its treasurer since 1886. After serving as treasurer for twenty years, or for four-fifths of the history of the society, Mr. Shaw has been elected its general secretary, the fifth official to fill that office. The business success of the society is attributed to Treasurer, now Secretary, Shaw, and to Mr. Shaw's successor as business manager, George B. Graff. Secretary Shaw says: "It has been the greatest ambition of my life to see the United Society of Christian Endeavor in a home of its own, with a headquarters building in Boston worthy of our great movement. This purpose I still hold with increasing determination until it is realized. In view of the far-reaching character of its work, the multitude of young people who have been trained through its agency for service in the church, and the millions of dollars that these young people have contributed to missionary and philanthropic objects, it is entitled to, and ought to have, such a building." The present enrollment of Christian Endeavor includes 68,722 societies, in more than sixty denominations and more than eighty countries. Mr. Shaw confides in this host and the friends of the movement to erect the desired building and so give the United Society adequate equipment for its work.



WILLIAM SHAW,
General secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and one of its ablest workers.—Partridge.



QUAINT JUBILEE MARKET ON ORANGE STREET, KINGSTON, IN THE HEART OF THE DEVASTATED DISTRICT.—Muller.



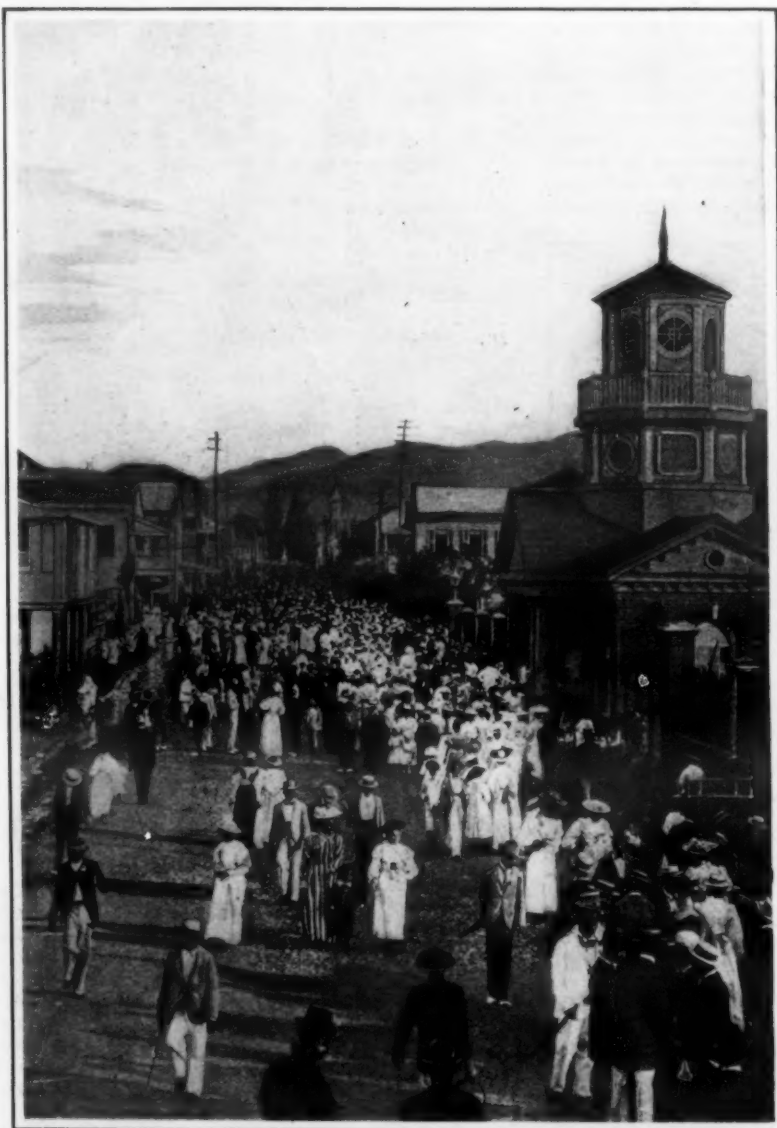
TOWN AND HARBOR OF PORT ANTONIO, WHERE MUCH AMERICAN CAPITAL IS INVESTED, AND WHERE NO SERIOUS DAMAGE WAS DONE.—Muller.



HARBOUR STREET, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE OF KINGSTON, LOOKING WEST.



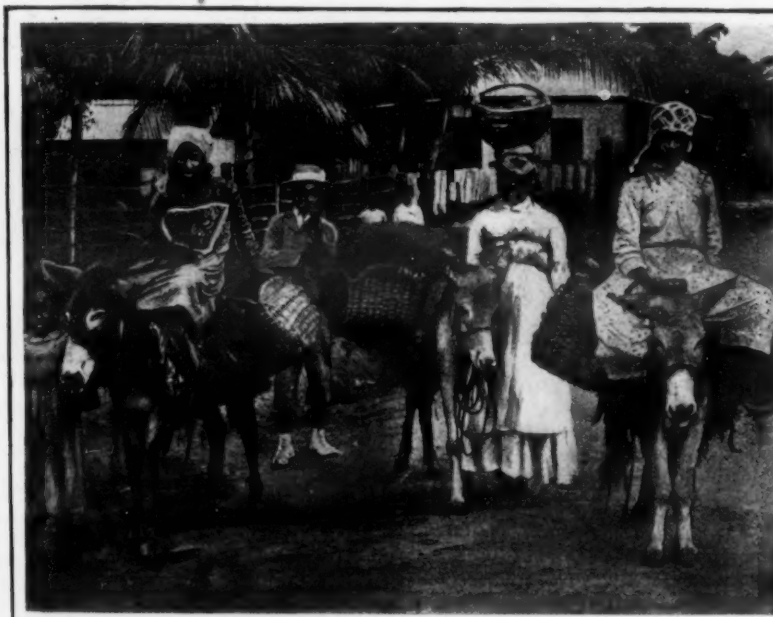
EASTWARD VIEW ON HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON, THE SCENE OF MUCH DAMAGE.



SUNDAY CROWD IN KING STREET, KINGSTON, THE DAY BEFORE THE DISASTER OCCURRED.



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL, THE FINEST INN IN KINGSTON, WHICH WAS AMONG THE BUILDINGS DESTROYED.



NATIVE WOMEN ON THE WAY TO MARKET AT THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND.

A WEST INDIAN CITY DEVASTATED BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.

GLIMPSES OF KINGSTON, THE CAPITAL OF JAMAICA, AND A TOWN OF 60,000 INHABITANTS, A LARGE PORTION OF WHICH WAS DESTROYED ON JANUARY 14TH BY SEISMIC SHOCKS AND ENSUING FLAMES—THE LOSS OF PROPERTY WAS IMMENSE, AND 500 PERSONS WERE KILLED AND 900 INJURED—THIS IS THE NINTH GREAT CALAMITY WHICH HAS BEFALLEN THE LUCKLESS CITY.



A \$750,000 FIRE IN DETROIT, MICH.—RUINS OF THE MICHIGAN STOVE WORKS, WHOSE DESTRUCTION THREW 2,200 EMPLOYEES OUT OF WORK.
Fred G. Wright, Michigan.



(PRIZE WINNER, \$10.) TERRIFIC EXPLOSION WRECKS A FURNACE AT THE JONES AND LAUGHLIN STEEL WORKS, PITTSBURG, PENN.—RESCUERS DIGGING IN THE RUINS FOR THE BODIES OF NEARLY THIRTY VICTIMS.—*R. J. Sample, Pennsylvania.*



FAMOUS OLD LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, AT WASHINGTON—NOW BEING TORN DOWN TO BE REPLACED BY A MODERN STRUCTURE.—*Mrs. C. R. Miller, Washington.*



A CERTAIN SIGN OF PROSPERITY—RUSH OF EAGER DEPOSITORS AT A NEW YORK SAVINGS BANK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR.—*Philip G. Burt, New York.*



A HISTORIC BUILDING RUINED BY FIRE—MILBURN MANSION AT BUFFALO, N. Y., IN WHICH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DIED, AS IT LOOKED AFTER THE FIREMEN QUENCHED THE FLAMES.—*George J. Hare, New York.*



TROLLEY-CAR CRUSHED BY A SOUTHERN PACIFIC TRAIN AT LOS ANGELES, CAL.—TWO PERSONS WERE KILLED AND SEVERAL OTHERS HURT.
A. C. Meyer, Maryland.



TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER, NEAR ARBROATH, SCOTLAND—GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE AT ELLIOT JUNCTION, WHERE TWO TRAINS COLLIDED DURING A BLINDING BLIZZARD, KILLING TWENTY PERSONS AND INJURING MANY MORE.—*Illustrations Bureau, England.*



PERILOUS OCCUPATION OF THE ROOFER—DARING WORKMEN PUTTING A NEW COVERING ON THE STATE-HOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., AT THE DIZZY HEIGHT OF THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE FEET ABOVE THE STREET.—*S. Leigh Call, Illinois.*

NEWS PHOTO PRIZE CONTEST—PENNSYLVANIA WINS.

PECULIAR DISASTERS, AND OTHER OCCURRENCES OF THE TIME, WHICH COMMANDED THE ATTENTION OF SKILLED ARTISTS OF THE LENS.

Charity's Care for New York's Crippled Children



LITTLE PATIENTS AT THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL FOR RUPTURED AND CRIPPLED CHILDREN ENJOYING THEIR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—F. R. Scherer.



CURIOUS SURGICAL APPLIANCES FURNISHED FREE OF CHARGE TO NEW YORK'S CRIPPLED POOR.

IT IS a strange phenomenon of nature that from infants to old age those who are deformed or bed-ridden are universally cheerful, and even where there is no apparent hope, they are hopeful. Their cheerfulness, which is a powerful sermon to visitors who are suffering no ailment except that widespread one of discontent, is especially noticeable in the homes for the blind and homes for incurables, but nowhere is it more manifest than in the hospital for crippled children. In the cases where there is no violent pain, regardless of the inconveniences to which the little patients are put in the use of body or limbs, the faces are cheerful, and often little snatches of song or bright prattle come from their couches or rolling-chairs. More than anything else this buoyant spirit, which burst from every corner, impressed the writer during a recent visit to the New York hospital for the relief of crippled and ruptured children, on Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street, New York, the institution where the famous Dr. Lorenz conducted his demonstrations of massaging crooked little bodies into straight ones. It was a few days after Christmas, and each little patient had found joy in the gifts which philanthropic sympathizers had sent in for the big tree.

Mechanical toys which wind were the favorites, and up in the play-room on the top floor every known and unknown kind of animal in bright red, green, and blue took turns in amusing the children and of giving especial joy to the little one whose right of ownership privileged winding it up again. A little boy, lying flat on a roll-chair with a heavy weight attached to one foot for the purpose of gradually pulling out the little leg to the length of the well one, found continual amusement in a tiny music-box which played three different tunes, no one of which was loud enough to be heard a dozen feet away. The noisy toys are allowed only in the play-room, although books, dolls, etc., are seen

in the wards. Two little Southern girls, whose merry faces indicated the best of health, although each suffers from an incurable hip disease, were busy with knitting-machines which had come in their Christmas box from home. In the institution there is a school-room where about one hundred and fifty children are regularly instructed. This school-room, with its crutches and roll-chairs, is pathetic to the visitor, although in itself it is anything but sad, and the teachers say that from the standpoint of noise and of mischief the school in the hospital varies very little from any other school.

One of the unusually interesting departments of the institution is the free clinic, where the daily average number of patients coming under the care of the hospital reaches three hundred and fifty. In the waiting-room it was noticed that the patients were mostly foreign, the Italian and negro being in the majority. Parents with tiny babies only a month or two old were waiting to see the surgeons, that their unfortunate little ones might enter for treatment. In a large room, or series of small rooms, rather, just beyond the waiting-room, a dozen surgeons were busy moulding plaster casts, measuring deformed little feet for iron shoes, and examining backs which must be braced by steel and linen jackets. In this department, where children of all ages were undergoing rapid examination, and some were lying perfectly still, while their bodies were covered with plaster moulds in the making as models for jackets or other appliances which must be fitted, there was not even a whimper, except that of a tiny baby which was undergoing the tightening of a bandage. In the manufactory, in the basement, skilled men were busy working on braces of various description, iron shoes, and steel jackets. The doctor led the way to the finish room, where the appliances were tagged ready to be called for or sent to the pa-

tients for whom they had been made. This room suggested nothing so much as the torture-room in the famous Tower of London.

As the hospital is supported largely by charitably-inclined persons who interest themselves in the suffering of the little ones, these braces, which are expensive, are given free to those who cannot pay. To one who has visited the hospital there can be but one conclusion—that there is no higher philanthropy than the aid of these helpless little tots who are there through no fault of their own. The mortality in this hospital for children is surprisingly small. Out of the 920 patients treated during the year 1906, only twelve proved fatal. Since 1892 over 60,000 ruptured children have been treated either in the out-patients' department or within the hospital itself. Of these, 2,000 were operated upon and promptly cured. The remainder responded favorably to treatment by truss or bandage.

In New York alone, not including Brooklyn, there are over 7,000 crippled children of school age, and of these, 4,000 live below Fourteenth Street, and 1,500 are crowded into the lower East Side. The board of education has gradually taken up the task of caring for the 10,000 or more children in the greater city who have heretofore been dependent for instruction upon private charity. The largest and oldest of these schools, which was founded by the Guild for Crippled Children, has been provided with teachers by the board of education, and similar aid is to be afforded to other schools established under the same auspices, and also for the schools conducted by the Children's Aid Society. An effort is made in these schools to make the older scholars self-supporting by a course of manual training which will later enable them to enter factories, from which they are now barred by reason of lack of skill rather than because they are cripples.

H. Q.

A Mining Bond Safer than Stock.

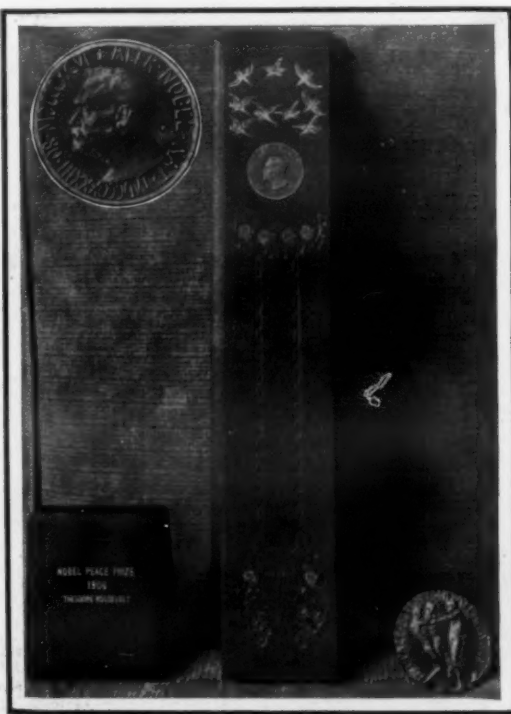
IN THIS time of wonderful money-making in copper mines, let no one forget that the safest of all mining investments is one in the bonds of a mining property whose mills, real estate, and dwellings are worth much more than the bonded indebtedness. When a bonus of stock is given with such a bond it makes it particularly attractive, because the bond represents the investment and the stock the speculative value. The great authority on copper mines in this country—Stevens's "Handbook on Copper"—tells of the value of the Mogollon Gold and Copper Company's property at Cooney, N. M. This property never was more valuable than it is to-day. The recent gold find in one of its mines, the Little Charlie, and the find in the adjoining mine, the Fannie, have been heralded in the Silver City (N. M.) *Enterprise* and other mining journals as an event of interest to the mining world. President Curran, who is now at the mine, is selling a small allotment of bonds, of which only a little over \$100,000 have been issued, and with each \$100 bond gives fifty shares of stock. This mine was formerly in the dividend-paying

class, and will be there again shortly, and the stock will be worth much more than the bonds. Its securities are not sold on the curb, and can

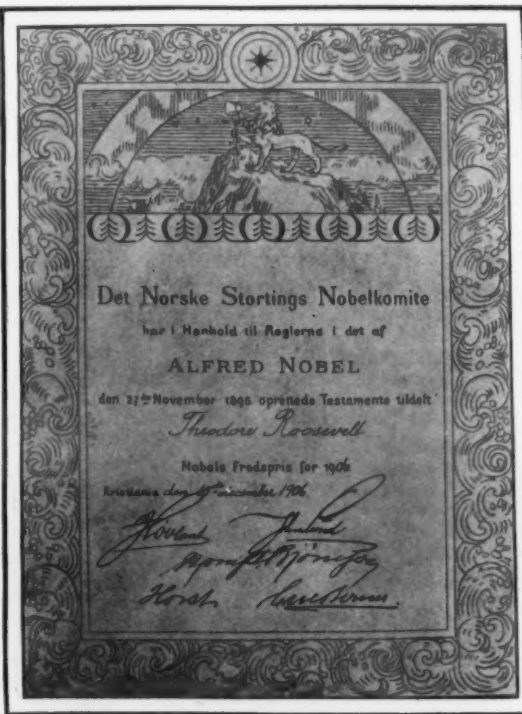
only be purchased from President Curran himself.

The Mogollon Gold and Copper Company is the only mining company offering an investment from which all risk of losing capital invested has been eliminated. Its offer of six per cent. gold bonds at par, with a bonus of fifty shares of treasury stock, is very liberal, particularly when it is taken into consideration that it owns one of the most valuable properties in the great copper belt of the Southwest. The banks, the people, and the newspapers of New Mexico speak in the highest terms of both the management and the property.

The Cooney mine is now being developed on a large scale, and soon will be one of the best producers in the field. The big plant is being put in first-class order and will be in operation in a short time. Any one wishing to make an investment that will be both safe and profitable should address Thomas J. Curran, the president of the company, whose post-office address is Cooney, N. M. Mr. Curran is giving his personal attention to the affairs of the company, and his experience of over fifteen years in the mining fields of New Mexico fully equip him for that work. His references are of the best, and will be gladly given to any would-be investor on application.



THE NOBEL PEACE MEDAL RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—FACE OF MEDAL IN UPPER LEFT CORNER, REVERSE IN LOWER RIGHT CORNER; LEATHER CASE OF MEDAL IN LOWER LEFT CORNER; BOX INCLOSING DIPLOMA IN CENTRE.



DIPLOMA FROM THE COMMITTEE OF THE NORWEGIAN PARLIAMENT DECLARING THE AWARD OF THE PEACE PRIZE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

THE WORLD'S CHIEF PEACEMAKER'S DECORATION.

SUPERB NOBEL GOLD MEDAL WHICH, WITH A PRIZE OF \$40,000, THE PARLIAMENT OF NORWAY AWARDED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICES IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE, AND THE PRIZE-AWARD DIPLOMA.

Photographs by Harris & Ewing.



MOB SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S THRILLING PLAY, "THE STRAIGHT ROAD," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE—BLANCHE WALSH (CENTRE) AS "MOLL O'HARA."—Hallen.



MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA, THE RUSSIAN ACTRESS, IN IBSEN'S "DOLL HOUSE," AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE.—Hallen.



LAURA NELSON, AS "RHY MCCHESENEY," IN "THE THREE OF US," AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—Moore.



BLANCHE WALSH, WHO TAKES THE LEADING PART IN "THE STRAIGHT ROAD," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE. Windeatt.



MANETTE COMSTOCK, LEADING WOMAN IN "CAUGHT IN THE RAIN," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE. Burr McIntosh Studio.



MAUDE FULTON AND ALFRED HICKMAN, IN THE FIRST ACT OF THE COMIC OPERA "MATILDA," AT THE LINCOLN SQUARE THEATRE.—White.



CLARA BLOODGOOD, APPEARING IN CLYDE FITCH'S LATEST COMEDY, "THE TRUTH," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE. Otto Sarony Company.



"MAURY" LEVI, THE POPULAR LEADER, WHOSE NEW BAND MADE ITS DEBUT AT THE HIPPODROME.



EFFECTIVE SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE TRUTH," PRODUCED AT THE CRITERION—LEFT TO RIGHT: GEORGE SPINK, CLARA BLOODGOOD, WILLIAM TIKELLY.—Hall.

DRAMATIC OFFERINGS THAT PLEASE THE NEW YORK PUBLIC.
SCENES IN THE LATEST POPULAR PLAYS ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE, AND FAVORITE PLAYERS OF THE HOUR.



HANDSOME DECORATIONS ON THE NORTH BALCONIES OF THE IMMENSE HALL, THAT CALLED FORTH ADMIRING COMMENT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE SPACIOUS BUILDING, WITH A SUPERB DISPLAY OF MOTOR-CARS OF THE LATEST MODELS.

GREATEST AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION EVER HELD IN AMERICA.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES OF THE ANNUAL SHOW OF THE LICENSED MAKERS AND IMPORTERS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, WHERE LARGE AND DELIGHTED CROWDS INSPECTED THOUSANDS OF THE FINEST MOTOR-CARS.—Phot.ographs by H. D. Blauvelt.

Schools Are Too Superficial.

THE COURSE of study in our high schools includes so many subjects that they cannot be thoroughly taught, and so much that is needless is required of the pupils that to the hours of confinement in school they have to add hours of study at home. A radical change is imperatively needed. No pupil should have so many studies that they cannot be thoroughly mastered. No pupil should have to imperil health by hours of study daily at home. The high school should not aim to teach everything. The course of study is loaded up with impracticable non-essentials unfitted to either develop or inform the mind. Less time and strength should be wasted on fads, theories, and technical specialties that must be so superficially taught as to be valueless. The greatest opportunity open to educators to-day is to thoroughly reform the high-school curriculum. The changes needed cannot be wrought by individual teachers. They are themselves in the grip of a system that has gradually grown worse instead of better.

We have strong convictions on this subject, the result of somewhat careful observation and investigation. We are glad that there bids fair to be a healthy agitation of it. We commend the December grand jury of Kings County for making a careful examination of the methods of the Brooklyn high schools, and for demanding that the course of study in the higher grades be thoroughly revised and that home study by the pupils be not required. They found that the course of study now required of a sixteen-year-old pupil was much more exacting than it was a few years ago, and that many pupils had to study from eighteen to twenty hours a week at home, and even then failed in their examinations. In his recent address before the meeting of Associated Academic Principals, at Syracuse, President Hadley, with characteristic clearness and force, emphasized the need of courses of study including only a few subjects, which should be thoroughly mastered by the student.

Superficial smattering is not liberal culture, and it is a poor preparation for either citizenship or business. The essential need is such changes in high-school

courses that pupils of ordinary ability can acquire them thoroughly without having to study in hours that should be devoted to rest and recreation. These changes will inspire teachers to better work, for they will feel that they are really accomplishing something.

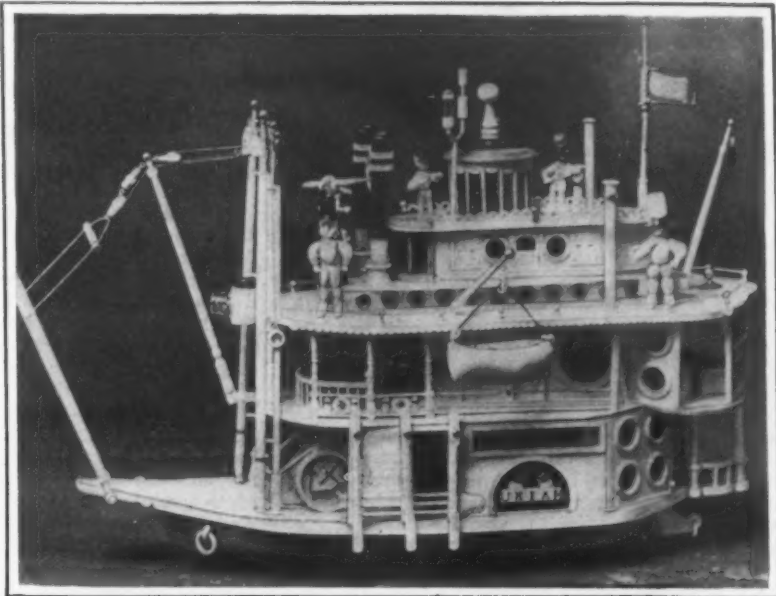
Cuticura Treatment

FOR TORTURING, DISFIGURING HUMORS OF THE SKIN, SCALP, AND BLOOD

Consists of warm baths with Cuticura Soap to cleanse the skin, gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment to heal the skin, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood, and put every function in a state of healthy activity. A single treatment is often sufficient to afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure of eczemas, rashes, irritations, and inflammations of the skin and scalp, from infancy to age, when the usual remedies, and often physicians, fail.



A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION—REMNANT OF A HORN-WORK BUILT AT CHARLESTON, S. C., IN 1780, TO DEFEND THE CITY AGAINST THE BRITISH SIEGE.
C. L. Sheppard, South Carolina.



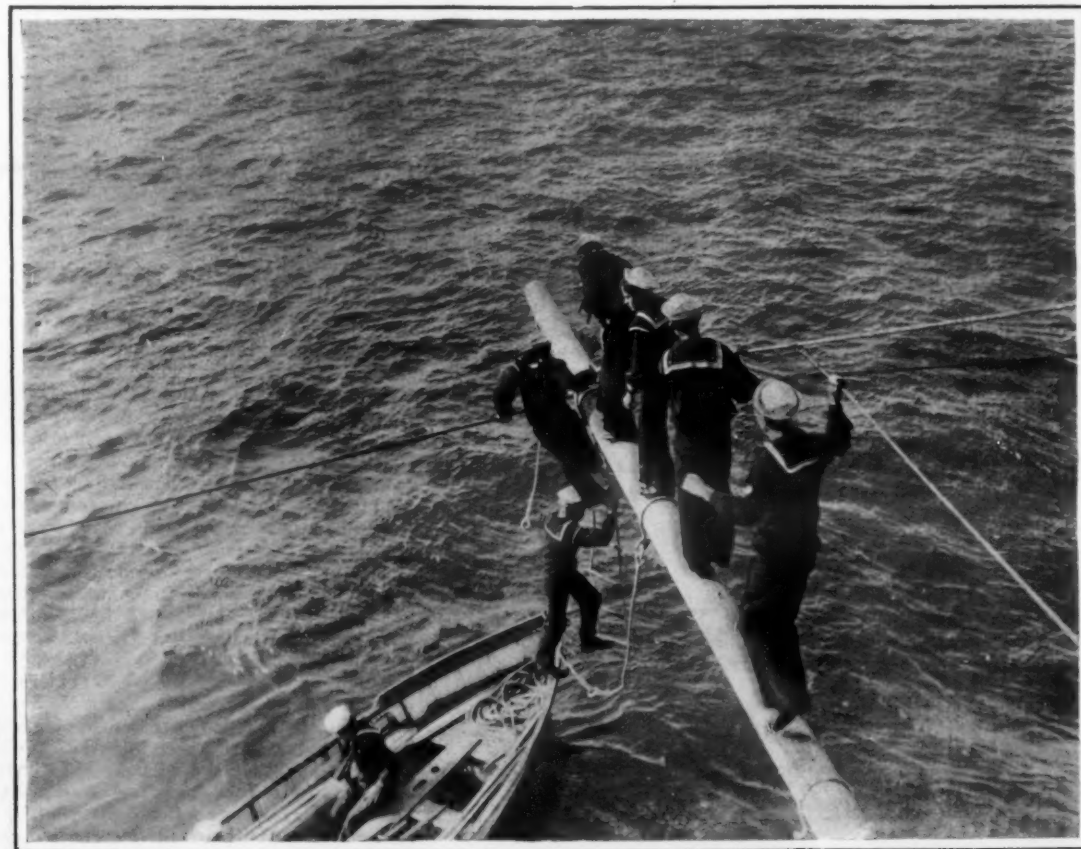
AN AMATEUR CARVER'S REMARKABLE SKILL—MINIATURE OF A STEAMBOAT MADE OUT OF WOOD WITH A PEN-KNIFE BY A YOUNG OHIOAN.
Charles A. Hartley, Ohio.



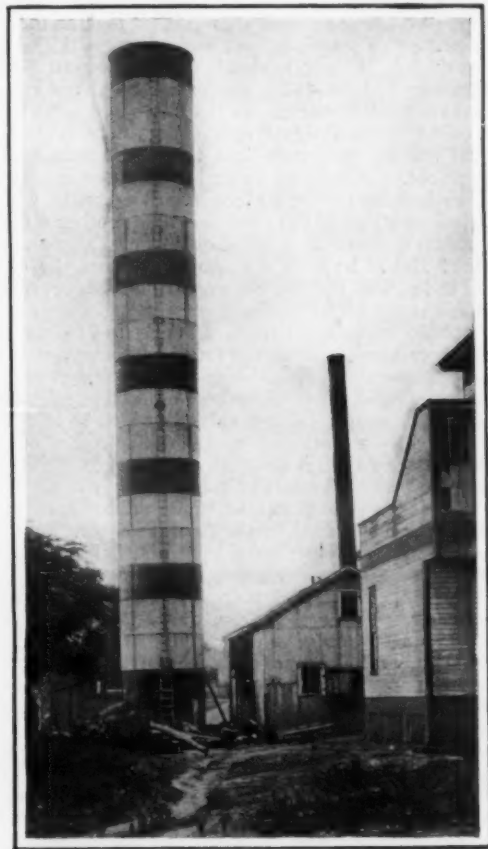
(THIRD PRIZE, \$2.) WINTER SPORT—A HAPPY GROUP FROLICKING IN THE SNOW.
Mrs. J. Bernard, New York.



(FIRST PRIZE, \$5.) THE EVENING PRAYER—"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."
F. S. Andrus, New York.



(SECOND PRIZE, \$3.) PECULIAR WAY IN WHICH BRITISH SAILORS LEAVE A WAR-SHIP WHEN THEY GET LEAVE TO GO ASHORE, WALKING OUT FROM THE VESSEL ALONG A POLE AND DESCENDING A ROPE LADDER TO A ROWBOAT.
Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.



WHERE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP PAYS—WATER TOWER AT SUMMIT, MISS., PAINTED RED, WHITE, AND BLUE TO CELEBRATE THE CITY WATER-WORKS' SUCCESS.
J. N. Teunissen, Louisiana.

AMATEUR PHOTO PRIZE CONTEST.

NEW YORK WINS THE FIRST PRIZE, MARYLAND THE SECOND, AND NEW YORK THE THIRD.

Glimpses of a Trappist Monastery, Where Perpetual Silence Reigns

By Nan Peacock

EVENTS, like pictures, cannot be properly valued when one is too near, but require distance of time or space to get the complete effect. There is one far-off South African day lingering in my memory, a picture of such peacefulness, such blue-and-white sunshininess, that the mere remembrance is as refreshing as a cool breeze on a warm day. That was the day of my visit to the Trappist monastery at Marianhill.

It was in Natal in the spring-time, which comes up in November in those latitudes; a small party of friends had started in the early morning, taking the train out of hot, dusty Durban, and traveling on the Natal government railway, that line of steep gradients and sharp curves. The track winds upward, creeping round the sides of hills, making wide detours to avoid others, but always upward, past fields of pineapples, clumps of banana-trees, and the rustling bamboo; past fruit farms with small English bungalows set in their midst, and market gardens cultivated by Indians. Now and again we catch a glimpse of a river, the Umgeni, a silver streak in the valley, and the Umhlotzan, whose cool and shady banks are the favorite haunt of the iguana. Then the train carries us past the government water works, supplying Durban with water, and where at the last flood two hundred Indians and Kaffirs lost their lives by the bursting of a dam.

We leave the train at Pinetown, where an early luncheon awaits us at the hotel. The remainder of our journey is to be made by the primitive ox-wagon, drawn by sixteen black Madagascar oxen, the only possible means of transport in these uplands. Of all the methods of road locomotion in many countries it has been my lot to experience, from the bumping Cape cart of the Orange River Colony, the mule cart of Zululand, the grass-covered wagons of Ceylon, to the gharrys of Singapore, for solid discomfort, I think the first half-hour in an ox-wagon would easily bear the palm! It is unlike anything one ever experienced: the Cape cart plays battledore and shuttlecock, with you as the shuttlecock, but the ox-wagon has a disintegrating shake peculiarly its own! But one gets accustomed to it, and when there is time to think of anything but how best to accommodate one's self to these very trying conditions there is nothing more enjoyable. It is best for comfort to lie flat on your back in the centre of the wagon on all the pillows at your disposal. This has its disadvantages, however, in that you see nothing of the country around, but only the wide blue arch above (of such a blueness!) and the little fleecy white clouds sinking away into nothing as you watch. But the glare tires the eyes, and you get up and try sitting on the wide splashboard at the side of the wagon—a precarious seat, however, where every small bowlder endangers your balance alarmingly, and you have to keep a bright lookout ahead for the little spruets or streams that occasionally cross the track, and down into which the wagon lurches with an extra huge jolt.

But how interesting it all is! The open veldt (the market gardens and fruit farms are long since left behind) rolls away on either side like a green sea, shimmering and palpitating in the sunshine; the oxen with downcast heads, and with their curious humped backs, plod along on their short, sturdy legs, as though generations of wagon-pulling ancestors had killed all other desires in their bovine breasts. A small Kaffir walks ahead of the team, guiding it by a rope looped round the leaders' horns. In the Transvaal these boys are called by the Dutch "voorloopers," and it is wonderful the way they negotiate the team through difficult places. The driver walks beside the oxen, carrying an immense whip, sixteen feet long, with which he gives now one of the team and now another a flick, encouraging them by a constant flow of Kaffir-Dutch. "Het! Het!" he yells in a fine frenzy, and the oxen bend and strain, and the old wagon lumbers out of incredible ruts with a creaking and groaning. And then we rumble on, with a stretch of level road before us; the driver climbs on to the front of the wagon and promptly goes to sleep; the oxen follow his example, apparently, and the ragged urchin ahead is only kept awake by a solemn Kaffir chant with which he beguiles the way. Even traveling at the fine speed of something under two miles an hour, we at length reach our destination, and the gates of the monastery are before us. The oxen are outspanned under an immense tree, and a hurrying monk, in the familiar habit of coarse brown material, with shaven head and bare, sandaled feet, comes to bid us welcome.

The monastery is a cluster of brick buildings, surrounded by gardens, and from every point there are lovely vistas of open veldt and rolling upland. The monks are of all nationalities, but in this monastery Germans predominate, of which nationality is our host, Brother Gustavus, the "guest-master" for the time being. The hospitality and kindness of the monks are well known, and we are at once invited to the guest-lodge to partake of tea, an offer we gratefully accept. We stay, however, to examine the church, the most prominent building on entering the monastery precincts proper. It is a brick building of considerable dimensions, and very finely proportioned, eloquent of the love of these poor brethren, by whom not only was the building erected, but every brick was made and every piece of woodwork fashioned. Inside we were only allowed within a small railed portion, at least such of us as were of the frailer sex; but the

whole effect, coming from the sunshine into the semi-darkness, was impressive, and we could easily imagine how, to the childlike vision of the Kaffir, the altar, with its flowers and candles and pictures, would inspire the deepest awe, and to the simple Trappist brethren be at once an inspiration and a source of pride.

Close by the church is a row of small, one-storied dwelling-places, set apart, evidently, for visitors, one of which serves as guest-room to casual "trippers," like ourselves. The room is plainly, if not barely, furnished, with a table, a few chairs, a cupboard, and a visitors' book. For picture, there is the "family tree" of the Trappist monks, which is an interesting and instructive study. Brother Gustavus, with quiet courtesy, dispenses hospitality in a gently gay manner, entering into our holiday mood engendered by the cool, fresh breeze after the stifling, airless town. And then, in that bare room, with its whitewashed walls, we talk softly of the checkered history of the order, and begin to realize what it is to belong to a strict order like this of the Trappists. Founded in 1140 by Rotrou, Comte de Perche, at Soligny-la-Trappe, the abbey of "Notre Dame de la Maison Dieu de la Trappe" was the earliest home of the monks, but during the troubled years when France and England struggled for supremacy in France, the abbey suffered severely, was many times pillaged by the lawless soldiers, and the members dispersed. It was a precarious existence for the order then; the moral tone had deteriorated and discipline was relaxed.

Three hundred years passed, and then a reformer appeared in the person of Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rancé. Titled, wealthy, and brilliantly endowed, this young man when quite young had inherited the Abbey of La Trappe and other monasteries, of which he became abbot. Like St. Francis of Assisi, his early years were famous only for their wild deeds, for he was dissolute and a spendthrift. In 1662 tradition hath it that de Rancé, going gayly on a visit to his lady love, the Duchess of Rohan-Montbazou, was met on the threshold by her bier, and from the shock of her death he never recovered. He at once distributed the bulk of his fortune to the poor, and himself retired to La Trappe, where he entered the monastic life and became head of the order. Not content with reviving the old, he added more and stricter observances, lengthened the fasts, and enforced perpetual silence, the distinguishing feature of the Trappists, and from which rule the abbot and guest-master only have dispensations. From that day on, the order has grown and strengthened, surviving even the troublous times of the suppression of the monasteries during the revolution in France. La Trappe remains to this day the mother house, although many other monasteries have been founded, and Brother Gustavus explains with gentle pride that they are to be found in nearly every European country, in the United States (where there are two monasteries of the order), in Nova Scotia, and in countries still more distant.

The most laborious manual labor is cheerfully undertaken by these monks, many of them of gentle birth and considerable wealth, and, having rested and refreshed ourselves, we are conducted through the workshops. Here gentle, silent men, in long, brown habits, fashion everything of which they have need in the monastery. We enter first the carpenters' shop and luxuriously drag our feet through sweet-scented wood-shavings, and listen to the sharp, musical swish of the plane, and the regular cadences of the saw. Is there anything more fascinating than a carpenters' shop, especially when it is presided over by so lovable and gentle a brother as the one who, debarred from a word of greeting, made us welcome with a smile? Besides the ordinary carpentry and joinery work, in this shop the solid furniture in use at the monastery is made, and all the more ornamental woodwork of the church and other buildings has grown under the deft hands of the brother and his Kaffir convert assistants.

In the next "shop" more strenuous work is going forward, for it is here the heavy ox-wagons are fashioned; on the white walls hang pictures of the saints, and there is such an atmosphere of quiet industry that one marvels that these serious Kaffirs can be of the same raw material as the lazy, rollicking native of the towns! The blacksmiths' shop would delight the heart of a Teniers, with its light and shade, the glowing iron on the anvil being hammered into shape, and the crucifix on the wall just catching a glint of sunshine from the open door. One surprises sometimes a glance full of meaning, or a sign, passing between two reverend brothers, which would seem to show that there is a means of communication (perhaps even a perfected code of signs handed down from generation to generation), rendering the vow of silence not quite the deprivation it would otherwise become.

The monastery is a perfect hive of industry, and besides the workshops already mentioned, there are many others—a tannery, where one can see the whole process, from the drying skins to the finished and complete harness or saddles; the shoemakers' workshop, and the building where patient hands weave coarse and fine cloths, some for sale, but mostly for use in the monastery precincts. I remember so well noticing in one of the workshops that anomaly in nature, a "white" Kaffir, and although I had heard of them, this was the only one I saw at all in Africa. Not white by racial intermixture, but a pure Albino was he, a tall, muscular-looking man, with his skin an

unpleasant pink, and his woolly head tow-colored. Scorned and ridiculed by the rest of his tribe, the poor man had found a refuge with the Trappists, where he was protected from the jeers and gibes of his fellows and found solace in the most strenuous work. His one idea seemed to be to escape notice, and one could not help wondering what would have been his sad fate had it not been for the charity of the monks.

Skirting the edge of a potato patch, and crossing a tiny spruit (in the rainy season a turbulent stream), the barking of dogs, the quacking of ducks, and all the familiar farm noises greet us as we enter the yard. Here is the dairy, cool and sweet, and beyond are the cattle-sheds, the stables, and the wide barns. Certainly the dignified brother in charge, with his mild face and flowing beard, is not the popular idea of a farmer, but the orderliness and cleanliness everywhere would be a revelation to the rough Boer farmers of the neighboring colony, and could hardly be matched even in the English farms in this garden colony of Natal.

About a mile away over the fields is another group of buildings, the affiliated monastery of Trappistine nuns, under the same rule and observance, but much smaller in numbers. Dr. Bridgeman, the Pinetown district government surgeon, tells many stories of the good work among the native women by the nuns of the Trappistine monastery, and we promise to some day visit them, and the native orphanage in their charge.

The bell in the tower of the now distant church has been ringing with gentle persistence for some minutes, and we fancy we detect under the unfeeling courtesy of our guide a desire to be returning, and, indeed, we have trespassed too long on his kindness. So we quicken our footsteps and hasten to make our farewells to Brother Gustavus, who waves all thanks aside, saying that the pleasure has been his, and he leaves us at the gate, returning to the quietude of the monastic life, with its ordered round of duties and its long, long hours of meditation and prayer.

Here is our wagon, but no oxen are visible, and an undisturbed driver rouses from his sleep under the wagon to inform us that the oxen cannot be inspanned as they have wandered off and cannot be found! The small Kaffir is out hunting for them, and the driver obligingly offers to go and assist. There is nothing for it but to walk on and let the oxen overtake us, for it is four miles to the hotel and dinner. Needless to say the wagon did not overtake us, nor could we discover that it had made any attempt, and as it had been paid for in advance, the owner probably imagined he had trekked far enough for one day, and had no intention of performing the journey back. But what a walk that was!—the shadows lengthening and the sun sinking in golden glory behind the limitless veldt, the short twilight, and then the glorious African night full upon us, the air keen and fresh, and the stars, brilliant as we never see them in our northern latitudes, the Southern Cross the brightest constellation of them all. The white ribbon of road stretches away in front, ghost-like in the starlight, and once and again the dark figure of a belated native woman, padded along on bare feet, her burden carried on her head, swinging along, upright and graceful, her blanket slung across her shoulders reaching barely to the knees, undaunted and fearless, everything about her proclaiming the unconquerable Zulu race.

There are the lights of the hotel below us in the valley, a train rushes past—the mail train from Johannesburg—and we brace ourselves to meet the world again, turning away from what has seemed to some of us perhaps the key to the solution of the difficulty of life, but to others, maybe, merely the highly interesting Trappist Monastery of Marianhill.

White Bread

MAKES TROUBLE FOR PEOPLE WITH WEAK INTESTINAL DIGESTION.

A LADY in a Wisconsin town employed a physician who instructed her not to eat white bread for two years. She tells the details of her sickness, and she certainly was a sick woman.

"In the year 1887 I gave out from overwork, and until 1901 I remained an invalid in bed a great part of the time. Had different doctors, but nothing seemed to help. I suffered from cerebro-spinal congestion, female trouble, and serious stomach and bowel trouble. My husband called a new doctor, and after having gone without any food for ten days the doctor ordered Grape-Nuts for me. I could eat the new food from the very first mouthful. The doctor kept me on Grape-Nuts, and the only medicine was a little glycerine to heal the alimentary canal.

"When I was up again doctor told me to eat Grape-Nuts twice a day, and no white bread for two years. I got well in good time, and have gained in strength so I can do my own work again.

"My brain has been helped so much, and I know that the Grape-Nuts food did this, too. I found I had been made ill because I was not fed right, that is, I did not properly digest white bread and some other food I tried to live on.

"I have never been without Grape-Nuts food since and eat it every day. You may publish this letter if you like so it will help some one else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

What Notable Men Are Talking About

WARNING AGAINST MUNICIPAL AND NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER, OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

OUR GREAT expansion and rapid growth in population and resources are developing a habit of extravagance. We have been most unwisely discounting the future. When the Civil War was closed the nation was in debt about \$3,000,000,000. It set resolutely to work to pay that debt, and it continued paying until the beginning of the Spanish war, but since then debt-paying has become almost a forgotten duty, and we now owe (as we did ten years ago) an interest-bearing debt of about \$1,000,000,000. More than half the forty-five States are in debt. When we pass into the domain of municipal indebtedness the figures are simply startling, and, according to a recent statement of Director North, of the Census, that indebtedness is increasing at the rate of \$150,000,000 a year. A single city, New York, owes, as its mayor says, \$421,000,000. It will not do to say that all of this indebtedness has been unjustly or unwisely created. On the contrary, some was imperatively demanded, such as that contracted to preserve the life of the nation. So indebtedness, whether of individual or of corporation, may also be a wise forecast of the future and from a business viewpoint, prudently contracted, meaning only an enlargement of business. But there runs through much of it a pure matter of speculation, an unwise discount of the future, and an unjust casting of burdens on those who are to come after us.

There is this important difference between public and private indebtedness: The individual may mortgage his home, or other property, and if the purpose for which the mortgage is given proves a failure the property may be lost to him, and on his death his heirs simply receive so much less than they otherwise would. But the indebtedness casts no burden upon them. It may wipe out his entire property and they receive nothing. To that extent they may suffer, if a failure to inherit property can be called suffering. But public indebtedness is of a different character. It does not wipe out property now existing, but it casts a burden upon the industries and toil of those who come after us. Interest and principal are met by taxes, and taxes continue from age to age until the debt is paid. They who come after us, who may receive little or no benefit from the debt, are called upon to contribute the proceeds of their labor to its payment. In other words, while private indebtedness does not mortgage or encumber future industry and labor, public indebtedness does. And in piling up public indebtedness we too often forget that the future will have its burdens—that there will be demands upon it for expenditures. Improvements and conveniences corresponding to the life of that day will be needed. So that there is injustice in creating a public indebtedness for improvements which will be mainly available in our day and only to a slight degree of benefit to those who come after us. Indeed, generally speaking, it is fair to leave each generation to determine what amount of public burdens it will assume, and each should take care of its own public indebtedness.

Another matter must be noticed, and that is the relation of this republic to foreign nations. Here, as in our home life, the movements are not all in the same direction. We cry peace, peace, while at the same time we are preparing for war. Our navy is already the fourth in size of the navies of the world, and there is a persistent clamor for its increase. When England launched the *Dreadnaught*, a battleship of 18,000 tons displacement, intending the most powerful vessel in the world, immediately the cry went up for a larger vessel, to be called, as the leader of the minority in the House facetiously said, *Skeered at Nothing*, and apparently ten millions of money are to be invested in it. In opposing the bill for the construction of this vessel, the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations declared that the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Congresses had appropriated for the navy \$388,000,000—a sum larger than the anticipated cost of the Panama Canal.

SALUTARY EFFECTS OF RACE RESTRICTION.
BY PROFESSOR EDWARD A. ROSS, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.
A most momentous factor in shaping the future is the downward tendency in the birth rate of the Occidental peoples. In the United States in 1900 the proportion of children under five to women of child-bearing age was only three-quarters of what it was in 1860. The phenomenon is due not so much to avoidance or postponement of marriage as to willful restriction of the size of the family. The spirit of democracy makes every one eager to rise in life, and to the climber children appear in the light of a handicap. The immediate consequences of a diminishing birth rate are a rising plane of comfort among the masses, a reduction of infant mortality, and an increase in the prospect that population pressure, hitherto the principal cause of war, mass poverty, wolfish competition, and class conflict will cease to shape social destinies. The fall in the birth rate in roomy New South Wales suggests that we may have to pension the mother of more than three children. If the white races cease to multiply and overflow into the backward lands, the void will certainly be filled with the increase of the black, brown, and yellow peoples, and the human type that has so far achieved the most will contribute less than it ought to the blood of the ultimate race that is to possess the globe. On the whole, however, restriction seems to be a salutary movement, and the undoubted evils in its train appear to be minor, or transient, or self-limited, or curable.

As most of our educational systems are planned, we undertake to do rather more than we can afford and cut all along the line, with the result of having too many subjects not very thoroughly taught and too many teachers not at all adequately paid. Our school teachers in the earlier grades try to give their pupils knowledge, discipline, and a reasonable amount of enjoyment in study. In the later grades they try to add a certain amount of general culture and technical training. These are good objects, but indiscriminate pursuit of them all interferes with thorough attainment of any one of them.

The first step toward economy is to separate much more than at present technical study from general study. If we made this separation and charged a small fee for technical courses, we could get a great deal better instruction than we now do; because the pupils who took these courses would do so with fixed purpose, and would co-operate with the teachers in making them a success; while the high schools and colleges, relieved of the duty of giving technical instruction to those who did not need it or did not want it, would be able to do better their general work of preparation for citizenship.

The next step would be to systematize the elective system in the colleges and high schools themselves. We have to-day a great many more electives than we need, and we have multiplied them without any definite principle or clear understanding of the purpose for which the elective system exists. Its true object is to find out what line of work a boy is good for. To do this it is not necessary to have as many different kinds of study as there are different kinds of human interest. It is not true that each pupil can be appealed to by some one subject, and that one only. There are three

well-defined types of mind—the scientific, the literary, and the practical. If you have arranged your courses so that you can find out to which of these types a pupil belongs and teach him certain subjects by a method that suits him, you have done all that is needed. The work of the school will be more efficiently and economically accomplished if this adaptation is made with a few subjects instead of a great many.

In the still earlier grades of our school system we need to re-introduce the old distinction between work and play. If we bring too much organized play into our schools, and thereby crowd out the idea of work, we are unconsciously teaching our pupils that it is not their business to do anything except for the motive of momentary enjoyment. What we are trying to obtain is power of work.

GOVERNMENT FREIGHT AGENTS TO STOP REBATING.

BY JUSTICE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, OF THE NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.

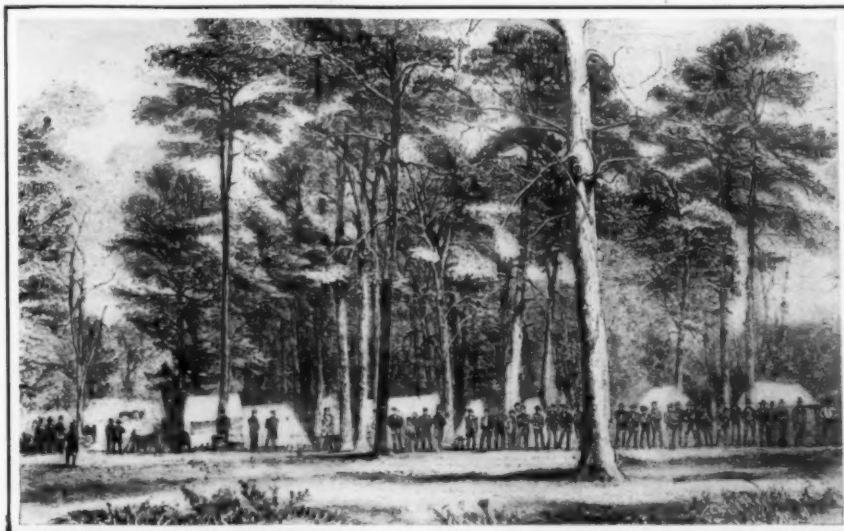
Every free pass issued, every favor in freight rates granted, is in defiance of the law. Some people are under the delusion that recent statutes made these things unlawful. Not at all; they were unlawful from the beginning. We only needed statutes to make it a criminal offense to grant them and to jail those who should grant them. You can't stop an evil by merely passing a law against it. One coterie of five men or less is receiving \$25,000,000 a year by this rate favoritism, and another has received \$500,000,000 since 1887, and soon through a long list of industries. So great is this rate favoritism that the gross freight receipts of some roads, compared with the total tonnage carried, is less than if all freight had been carried at the rate for coal, which is the lowest of rates.

It is very certain that if the abuse can be ended in no other way, the people will compel government to take the roads. This country and government of ours are great enough to do anything. There is nothing radical or startling about government owning and running railroads, when one-half or more of the railroads of the world are owned and operated by governments. My own view, which I express with diffidence, is that it is only necessary for government to appoint the general freight agent of every railroad, for he could stop all rate favoritism at once. It would not be his office to fix the schedules of rates, but only to see that every one paid the schedule rate, no more and no less. The summary dismissal by him of any local agent who gave a false rate and his criminal prosecution by the government would soon destroy the evil. Some at once cry out that there is no law for this, or that it is unconstitutional, as though our laws and constitutions were like those of the Medes and Persians, never to be changed.

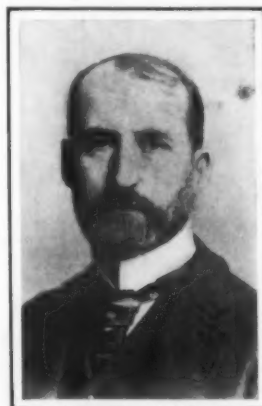
Up to a short time ago ten per cent. of those carried on our railroads rode free. All of our legislators and public officials, whose aid and good-will were serviceable to those who controlled the railroads, and who would accept passes, were given them for themselves and friends, and corrupted by them. And even some of our judges had their passes or rode in private cars. In England the King could not get himself carried free. The rest of us in this country have to pay for the ten per cent. carried free.

Topics and Pictures Fifty Years Ago.

THE PROUDEST military organization in South Carolina in the years just preceding the Civil War, with a history of gallant achievement in the War of 1812 and the Florida Indian campaign, was the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston. The company was further distinguished as the custodian of Colonel William Washington's flag, which had been borne at the victory of Cowpens, where the Americans routed the Tory "legion" of Tarleton. The associations of the company were such as to make it fitting that it should take a leading part in marking the battle-field of Cowpens, as it did on the occasion commemorated in our illustration, by the erection of a fluted-iron shaft, surmounting a stone pedestal, which bore, among others, this inscription: "To the victors of Cowpens: we enjoy the result of their struggles, let us emulate the virtues which secured it." A picnic followed the dedicatory ceremonies.



ENCAMPMENT OF THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, OF CHARLESTON, ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF COWPENS, S. C.—Reproduced from *Leslie's Weekly*, January 24th, 1857, and copyrighted.



WILLIAM J. GAYNOR,
Justice of the Supreme Court of the
State of New York.—*Fourtall*.



ARTHUR T. HADLEY,
President of Yale University.



DAVID J. BREWER,
Associate Justice of the Supreme
Court of the United States.
—*Bell*.



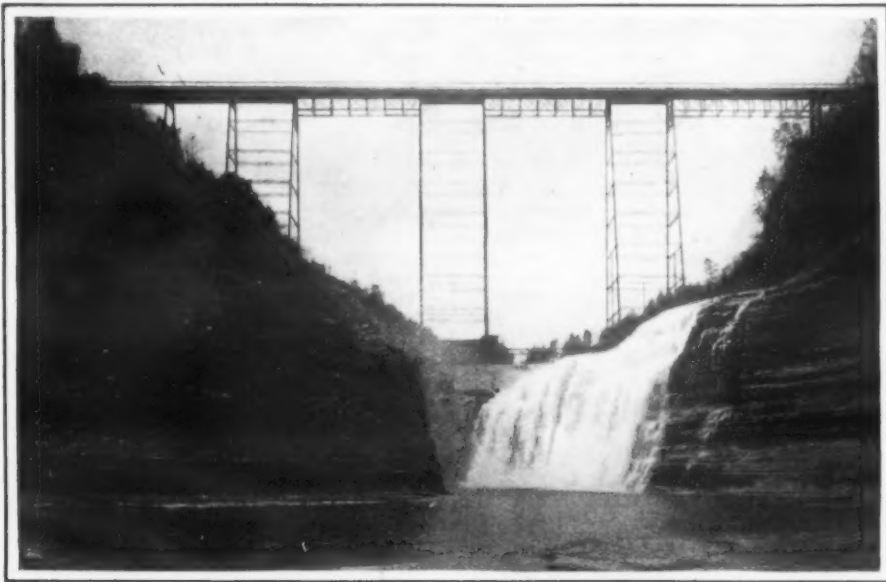
CANNON IN COUNCIL-HOUSE GROUNDS DATING FROM THE TIME OF GEORGE III.



BEAUTIFUL CLIFF FORMATION IN THE GORGE BELOW THE MIDDLE FALLS.



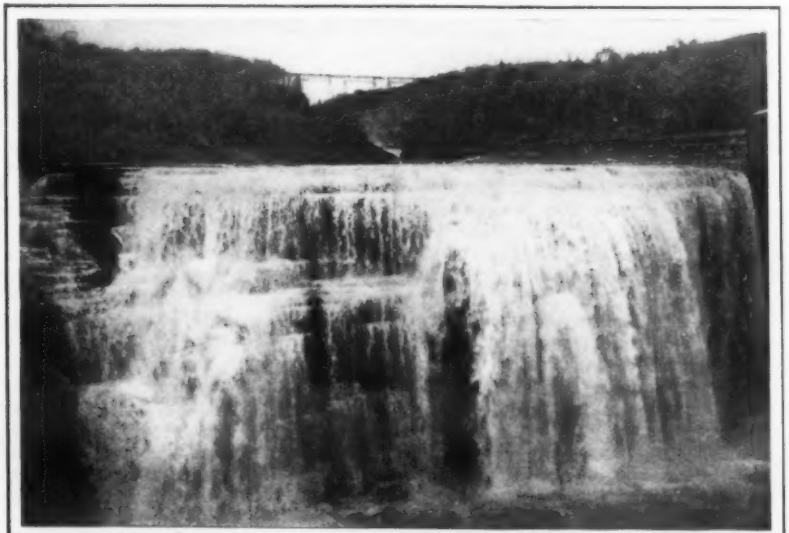
ANCIENT SENECA COUNCIL-HOUSE IN WHICH THE LAST INDIAN COUNCIL IN THE GENESEE VALLEY WAS HELD.



UPPER PORTAGE FALLS AND THE BRIDGE, EIGHT HUNDRED FEET LONG AND TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR FEET HIGH, WHICH SPANS THE GORGE.



LOWER PORTAGE FALLS—FROM THE UPPER END OF THE GORGE TO THE FOOT OF THIS CATARACT THE GENESEE FALLS MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED FEET.



MIDDLE OR PRINCIPAL FALLS OF THE GENESEE, AT PORTAGEVILLE, IN A DRY SEASON—ONE HUNDRED AND TEN FEET IN HEIGHT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT PORTAGE GORGE FROM THE LETCHWORTH HOME.



CANYON OF THE GENESEE, NORTH OF THE MIDDLE FALLS, WITH WALLS THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET IN SHEER HEIGHT.



MR. LETCHWORTH'S HOUSE, SURROUNDED BY LAWNS AND EMBOWERED IN TREES.

A \$500,000 GIFT OF NATURAL BEAUTIES TO NEW YORK STATE.

WILLIAM P LETCHWORTH'S SUPERB ESTATE, GLEN IRIS, AT PORTAGE, N. Y., WITH ITS WONDERFUL SCENERY AND INTERESTING HISTORIC RELICS, LATELY PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE STATE FOR A PUBLIC PARK.

Photographs from the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.



DR. BRIDGEMAN, THE ENGLISH DENTIST-SURGEON, VACCINATING KAFFIR CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE NEAR THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY.



TYPES OF THE NATIVES FROM WHOM CONVERTS TO THE TRAPPIST FAITH ARE MADE.



PRIMITIVE OX-WAGON, DRAWN BY SIXTEEN MADAGASCAR OXEN, WHICH CARRIED THE TOURISTS TO MARIANHILL.



TRAPPIST MONK, IN RIGHT BACKGROUND, WATCHING THE VACCINATION OF HIS NATIVE CHARGES.



BRETHREN OF THE TRAPPIST ORDER ASSEMBLED FOR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION BY THEIR ABBOT.



WHITE AND BLACK TRAPPIST MONKS WORKING INDUSTRIOUSLY IN THE MONASTERY'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.



WAGON SHOP OF THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY, WHERE THE HEAVY OX-CARTS OF THE REGION ARE MADE.

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

LIFE AT THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY OF MARIANHILL, WHERE WHITE AND BLACK BRETHREN LIVE AND TOIL IN PERFECT EQUALITY AND PERPETUAL SILENCE.—Photographs by Nan Peacock. See page 82.

An Unique Charity—The Philadelphia Free School for Nurses

By Mrs. C. R. Miller

ABOUT ten years ago the trustees of a small mission chapel in the city of Philadelphia became convinced that the best way to reach the dwellers of the slums was by assisting them to care for their sick and helpless loved ones. Trained nurses were engaged, but this was found to be rather expensive, and finally it was decided to issue a call requesting young women who were willing to do Christian work to appear at the mission on a certain date. About fifty responded, and the plan of taking up scientific nursing with a view of relieving the sufferings of the poor was explained to them. At the next meeting only twelve were present, and these young women constituted the first graduating class of the Philadelphia School for Nurses—that splendid institution which cares for the indigent sick, lightens the burdens of the hospitals, and aids the city in keeping down contagion by teaching the poorer class how to meet and battle with communicable diseases.

The rise of the school has been rapid, as its value was soon recognized both by philanthropists and by the Red Cross Society. Benevolent people provided it with an endowment fund of \$1,000,000. Its new building at 2219 Chestnut Street, into which it has recently moved, testifies to the progress it has made and the interest its work has aroused. The method of training nurses here is a departure from the beaten track, from the fact that it has no hospital in connection with the institution, although it has furnished nurses for that work from Maine to California, and several of its graduates are now on duty at the hospital at Panama. The real object of the school is to fit girls for home nursing—to teach them to care for the sick for the love of the work, and to feel that there is nothing menial in any act which brings relief to suffering humanity—in short, it aims to send out Christian young women who feel it their duty to care for the sick irrespective of remuneration. Dr. Eugene Underhill, the treasurer and resident physician, traveled through Europe for months examining the various methods of nursing and hospital practices there. The graduate who receives a diploma at this institution goes out into the world able to fight disease under the most adverse conditions.

The students are divided into different classes according to the length of the course they are desirous of taking. The principal one is known as the two-year course. This training may be obtained free of charge by young women from the smaller towns and country districts. After being graduated these girls are expected to return to their homes and impart their information to others, as the object of this benefaction is to carry hospital knowledge, sanitation, and proper sick-room care into the remote districts. Frequently a country patient shrinks from leaving home for hospital treatment in a city. A nurse from this school would be able to bring about hospital conditions in that home. A contagious disease may appear in a village and again the nurse would be ready to assist the physician in stamping it out before it could gain any headway. The student from the rural districts who takes this course of study is given a room and board at the school, where she will find all the comforts of a refined Christian home. A nurse's uniform will be fur-

nished, and no charge is made for either laundry or text-books—in fact, there are no incidental expenses, and on her graduation railroad fare to her home, not exceeding twenty-five dollars, will be furnished. Women between the ages of eighteen and forty-five may enter, and each one must have her application signed by two persons (preferably physicians or ministers of the gospel from her home) as to her good character. She must have great sympathy for the suffering poor, for during her course of training she will be called upon to undergo many personal discomforts in the slums of the city, where she will get her practical experience in nursing. This course may also be taken by the well-to-do persons who prefer to pay.

The instruction begins with lectures at which the students take notes for future reference. They are taught to read a physician's chart and to follow his instructions to the letter, and without criticism of his treatment of the case. The making of bandages and how to apply them forms an important part of the education. The girls use each other as subjects in the early part of the course, and after a few lessons some of them become remarkably expert in this line. Bed-making, such as changing the linen without uncovering the patient, the different ways of making an invalid comfortable in bed, and the proper manner of lifting sick people form another set of lectures. Lessons in taking the temperature, mixing disinfectants, and how to prepare food for the sick are also given.

After a few weeks the student begins her actual work as a nurse—not in a hospital, but in the homes of the poor, where she must be self-reliant and resourceful, and where there can be no waste. She is usually called upon to visit a number of patients every day and must accommodate herself to each one. She may be compelled to watch through the night by the side of a dying child and comfort the grief-stricken mother, or at another place her duty may be to disinfect a room after the death to prevent the disease from spreading. It was the writer's privilege, a short time ago, to visit some of the homes of these families in the company of a noble young woman who is soon to be graduated from the school. The first visit made was to a lodging-house where the landlady spoke no English. In a small, ill-furnished back room a man and his wife kept house. A few days before there had been a visit from the stork, and for three days the child had been wrapped in old rags, as the mother had been unable to provide clothing. After some difficulty a basin and water were secured and the tiny bit of a girl was given a bath and fitted out with clothing brought from the school. The room was cleaned up and the mother, a wan, delicate creature, made as comfortable as possible.

At the next place we found a dear old white-haired woman whose manner savored of better days. For more than twenty-five years she had been absolutely helpless from rheumatism and paralysis, and for five years she had been visited twice a day by these nurses. Each morning one comes to help her out of bed and give her a bath, and another sees that she is made comfortable for the night. She resides with her sister, who is barely able to move about—the re-

sult of a trolley-car accident several years ago. Their faces lighted up with smiles, and their thankfulness for every little touch of kindness from the nurse was in striking contrast to the invalid in the last stages of tuberculosis whom we visited half an hour later. Here the nurse tried to relieve the suffering of a young mother whose life on earth at most was a matter of a few days. She was propped up on an old couch near a window in a room which seemed dingy from filth. Three little boys, the oldest not more than ten years of age, were running in and out the door, which led to a narrow street, where women with unkempt hair and soiled clothes were gathered in groups engaged in noisy conversation, while dirty-faced, neglected children clung to their skirts. The sick woman was restless and fretful as she ordered the boys to bring her different articles. Again the nurse changed the appearance of the room.

Another patient we found away back in a narrow court, where the sunshine rarely finds its way. This time the victim was a young man. The nurse wheeled his chair to the window and built up a bright fire over the dying embers. The white plague was slowly eating away his life, and, added to this, he was suffering from a running sore, which made him helpless as to walking. His mother, a woman of seventy, was the bread-winner for the two, and was out somewhere at work. Later we walked through a dirty street to learn the condition of a sick negro baby.

As the evening shades were falling we found ourselves surrounded by a number of Italian children. Some of them had been attended by this gentle girl, whose very touch seemed to relieve pain. The children tried to embrace her, while their mothers jabbered in Italian. Everywhere the gray uniform was recognized, and men who were quarreling in front of saloons suddenly became quiet and opened the way for us to pass. The red band on the young woman's sleeve protects her from insult even with the lowest element, and woe to the tough who would attempt to do her injury. This is the average day for a student, as more than five thousand cases were attended last year free of charge. This character of work gives experience which cannot be obtained at a hospital. Often hospital nurses take a sort of finishing course at this school for the purpose of learning how to manage a case where the conveniences of a hospital cannot be obtained.

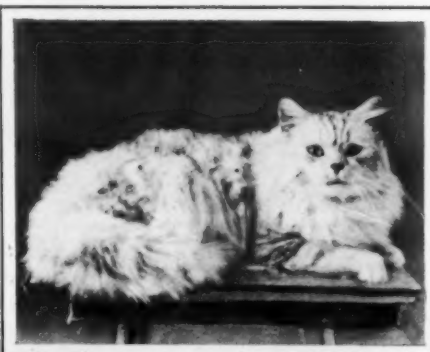
A ten-weeks' term is provided, in which there are forty lectures, supplemented with class work and nursing among the poor. Many prominent women have been members of these classes, and during the small-pox epidemic, when volunteer nurses were asked for, it was surprising that nearly all who responded were girls of wealth and refinement. Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, a niece of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and Miss Warwick, the daughter of ex-Mayor Warwick, are among the students from this school who have done

Continued on page 95.

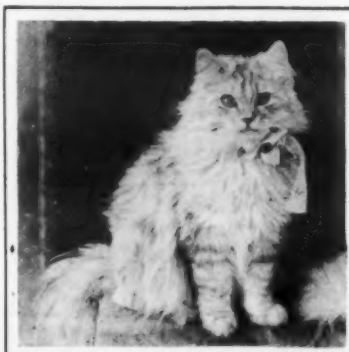
A TABLESPOONFUL of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.



BUFF ORPINGTON COCKEREL. OWNED BY WILLIAM COOK & SONS, SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.



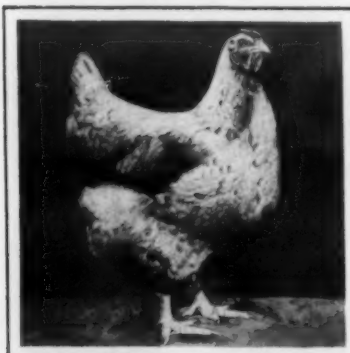
SILVER FLASH, SHADED SILVER PERSIAN. FROM THE ARGENT KENNELS, NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.



ARGENT GLORIOUS. OWNED BY MRS. CHAMPION, OF THE ARGENT KENNELS, NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.



TOULOUSE GOOSE, SIX MONTHS OLD. OWNED BY C. W. KING, ROMULUS, N. Y.



BUFF ORPINGTON PULLET. WILLIAM COOK & SONS, SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J., OWNERS.



MISS POLLARD'S WHITE MONK, SON OF CHAMPION PURITY.



KING OF THE SILVER PERSIANS. OWNED BY MISS POLLARD, ELIZABETH, N. J.



WHITE ORPINGTON HEN. OWNED BY WILLIAM COOK & SONS, SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.

ARISTOCRATS OF FARM-YARD AND FIRESIDE.

PRIZE WINNERS AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN SHOW OF THE NEW YORK POULTRY, PIGEON, AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.—Photographs by Schilling and H. D. Blauvelt.



NO COLOR LINE IN SICKNESS—NURSE QUIETING A FRETFUL NEGRO BABY.



WASHING A BABY A FEW DAYS OLD, WHOSE FATHER AND MOTHER LIVE IN ONE MISERABLE ROOM.



MOVING A HELPLESS TUBERCULOSIS PATIENT.



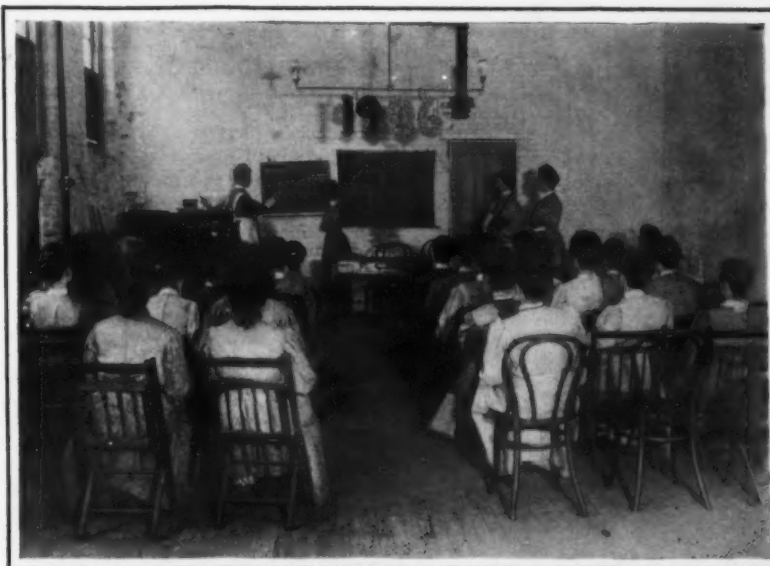
ONE OF THE STREETS IN THE SLUMS WHERE THE NURSES GET EXPERIENCE.



NURSE AND TWO PATIENTS—THE WOMAN IN THE FOREGROUND A PARALYTIC.



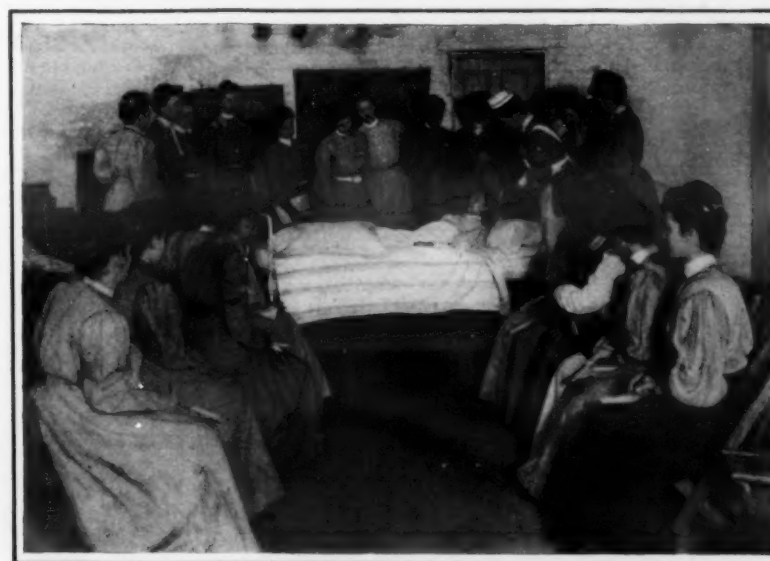
NURSES AT LEISURE IN THEIR COZY ROOM IN THE SCHOOL BUILDING.



CLASS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE MYSTERIES OF A PHYSICIAN'S CHART.



PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF BANDAGING METHODS.



A LESSON IN THE IMPORTANT MATTER OF LIFTING THE PATIENT.

HOW POOR GIRLS LEARN TO BE NURSES.

TRAINING AND WORK OF THE PUPILS OF THE HANDSOMELY ENDOWED PHILADELPHIA FREE SCHOOL FOR NURSES, WHICH MINISTERS TO THE NEEDS OF THE AFFLICTED POOR.—*Photographs by Mrs. C. R. Miller. See opposite page.*

How I Escaped from Siberia, and Other Ordeals of the Terror

By Gregori Gershuni, Russian Social-Revolutionary Leader, Who Escaped from Akatui—Edited by William Griffith

ON APRIL 17th, 1903, I was arrested in St. Petersburg, charged with being a principal in the assassination of M. Sipiaguine, then Minister of the Interior, and was thrown into the fortress-prison of the Schlüsselberg. I was tried within a fortnight and sentenced to be executed at dawn. Why the sentence was not carried out remains a mystery—one of the myriad mysteries which the military, police, and political archives of Russia so profoundly veil to-day. Instead of death, the sentence was peremptorily changed to exile in Siberia.

All the pictures ever drawn of Siberia have failed of adequately illustrating this ominous word; no canvas is big enough, no book of revelations long enough, to impress its pale, fugitive meaning on the world. Of course it was far, very far, more than a name to me at the time of my arrest, scores of my friends and relatives, and legions of my compatriots, having already gone over the long, cheerless road which has no returning gave in very rare instances, comparatively. Many letters had come from them—letters of depressing descriptions, of hopes so generally unfulfilled, of desperation and utter despair of ever regaining liberty to live outside the vast, white Siberian sepulchre in which upward of two hundred thousand exiles have been buried during the past twelve months. I apprehended, without fully realizing at the time, that death would have been preferable, in many respects, to the alternative offered, and that, indeed, the change of sentence was not inspired by clemency, but by a refinement of cruelty to which the Spanish Inquisition was a parody of persecution. For my destination was to be a prison nearly four thousand miles from St. Petersburg, on the frontier between Mongolia and Manchuria, in the remote community of Akatui.

This, however, was not made known to me by the jailers who arrived at my cell door in the Schlüsselberg on the day set for my execution—gruff, heavy-witted, morose fellows, who bore me an abiding grudge as being the cause of their early rising that morning. The warden, as you would call him, of the prison had previously notified me of the place and hour of execution, so the three guards found me prepared to accompany them to the scaffold.

"Come," ordered the spokesman. Then, peering into the dimly-lighted cell, "Why are you not ready?" he grumbled with an oath.

I arose, hatless and coatless, from my rough-hewn chair near the grated window, thinking a hat and coat superfluous, since the place of execution was in the prison court-yard. Meanwhile a second guard, entering and glancing significantly at his companions, advised me to dress fully, as he said I was to go on a long journey.

"One from which there is probably no return?" I questioned, ruefully. "But do you think I will need a coat?"

"Several—where you are going," he replied, nodding unctuously toward Siberia. No other information was volunteered, and by the time I had begun to comprehend fully the sudden and surprising change of programme I had been taken aboard the prison train and was on my way to the Central Prison of Moscow en route, with a consignment of fellow-prisoners, to the Siberian mines. According to the custom rigidly observed by Russian authorities, civil and military, no inkling of my destination was vouchsafed. Nor, despite my futile efforts at bribery here and cajolery there, was I able to learn it until, weeks later, I found myself numbered among one hundred and twenty-six political prisoners at Akatui.

Winter, fanged and remorseless as winter is in those regions only, had fallen on Siberia with a sort of hungry vengeance, and lengthened the long journey interminably. Cooped up in a convict car, which was divided into some twenty small, badly-ventilated cells, it seems a miracle that we did not perish miserably on the way. One or two emaciated wretches, bitten deeply by exposure and consumption, did succumb, while the remainder of my companions dwindled gradually in numbers as we crawled tortuously from station to station—prison to prison—over the barren leagues between Russia in Europe and the confines of the empire. Akatui, a decrepit village at best, was more than half buried in snow when we—myself, two other prisoners, and guards—arrived, after sledging the last fifty-mile stage of the journey. Rising over the town at one end was the gray prison, surrounded by high and massive walls, built, it is said, of material taken from the great wall of China. Half frozen, nearly famished, and wholly discouraged by the first glimpse of what was to be my residence for nearly two years, I was lodged in a roomy cell in company with two other prisoners of hope.

During the eighteen wretched months that followed, every spare moment we had was spent in planning an escape, but so heavy was the guard maintained over the town as well as the prison, and so vigilant were the soldiery, that two years passed before my dream of escape came true—two years of drudging, unremitting labor in the silver mines of the region; two years of rigor and hardships which only the strongest constitutions may possibly survive. Death, in fact, is a release which on a dozen occasions I have heard welcomed in our exile community there. Fortunately none of my abortive attempts to escape had matured sufficiently to attract notice or direct the finger of suspicion toward me. On one occasion the arrival of

a fresh party of exiles from Moscow had roused the sentries out of their habitual lethargy, and so frustrated our carefully laid plan; on another occasion my cell-mates were changed two days before the evening set for the escape, and the third attempt was frustrated by my own illness. On the latter occasion one of my companions was chosen in my place, but he was caught two days later, and died from the effect of the terrible bastinado. That was last August. On October 26th, following, my fourth and successful attempt was made.

On the morning chosen for the escape three prisoners, besides myself, were working in what was known as the provision house, located in the centre of the great court-yard of the prison. We were barreling kraut, and, owing to the mechanical nature of the work, the superintendent had left the house, thereby affording us an opportunity for which we had waited a month or more. A small hole was bored in a medium-sized barrel and a rubber tube was firmly inserted as a means of providing me with air inside the barrel. Quickly removing my clothes and wrapping myself in a long robe made by hastily stitching several bags together, I was crowded into the barrel with no inconsiderable effort. Over my head was placed an iron bowl such as the prison rations were served in. Next a leather drum was placed in the barrel some eight inches from the top, and a bushel of kraut was packed in between the leather partition and the wooden barrel head. Scarcely had the barrel been sealed and rolled into the area-way for inspection when the superintendent returned, in company with an inspector, with whom he was quarreling. Distracted by the heat of the argument, neither official noticed my absence, the inspector setting to work on the batch of barrels awaiting inspection, and the superintendent descending into the sub-cellar, where the barrels were to be stored. Passing from barrel to barrel, the prison inspector performed his duties by simply thrusting a bayonet through the barrel-heads for the double purpose of determining whether the casks had been filled, and, if so, with their proper contents—kraut.

But for the iron bowl covering my head my bayonet had certainly pierced my brain. As it was, the sharp steel point of the bayonet glanced off with no other damage than a painful shoulder puncture. Presently, the inspection being satisfactorily concluded, and the superintendent emerging from the nether regions, orders were given to transfer the fifty odd barrels to the sub-cellar, a stifling pit with no redeeming features except that it was warm. This was accomplished by rolling the casks down a long, flimsily-constructed incline, emphatically the roughest stage of my journey to liberty, for the cask in which I was concealed toppled over the incline and reached the cellar with a crash which, fortunately, as it eventuated, loosened the staves considerably. Bruised from head to foot and preyed upon by a thousand imaginings of what the frightful price of detection would be, I remained for hours which seemed years in the subterranean pent-house. Had my absence been discovered? What was transpiring overhead? Supposing our carefully-laid plans should miscarry as the others had? Added to these discouraging thoughts was the knowledge, pressing upon my brain with momentarily increasing insistence, that the air was either becoming so foul or exhausted for breathing purposes that I was gradually stifling. Then, to make bad enough suddenly a thousand times worse, the tube slipped from between my teeth, and, owing to my cramped position, it was impossible to recover it. I remember of vaguely marveling why Diogenes had ever chosen such an uncomfortable dwelling as a barrel, and was gradually losing consciousness when, with strength born of desperate necessity, I pressed my head and shoulder violently upward. A weakened stave creaked, slipped, and then the leather drum, kraut, barrel-head and all broke away.

The darkness and silence of the cellar were reassuring, and every moment was precious. Finding that the wound in my shoulder was not serious, now that it was cauterizing, and cautiously creeping, with instinct playing the part of a compass, toward that end of the room in which there was a small opening to a tunnel we had spent months in digging, I widened the entrance sufficiently to slip through. Several boards dragged over the hole served to conceal my avenue of escape when the cellar should be inspected, and five minutes later I was in the open air. The outside tunnel opening was just behind a stone hedge, which was high enough to conceal my body from the guard, who was passing to and fro at a distance of some ten paces.

Presently a face appeared in a cell window directly across the prison yard. It was Sazonov, a fellow-prisoner, who was to signal when the coast was clear, so to say. I was congratulating myself over the stupidity of the guards in not discovering my absence sooner, when the superintendent strode excitedly out of the provision house and accosted the sentry. They were too far away for me to hear what was said, but the latter began shaking his head negatively, and the other, turning swiftly on his heel, strode back into the provision house, while the sentry disappeared round the rear wall of the building. Sazonov instantly signaled. I arose, gathered up my sackcloth covering, vaulted the wall, and ran toward the great iron gates—the only barrier between me and the outside world of Siberia. Would the gates be ajar, according to the prearranged

programme of our sympathizers on the outside who had been working actively in our behalf?

I had scarcely started running when the guard reappeared—a lithe, agile fellow, who refrained from shooting owing to his confidence of being able to overtake me and of the gates being closed. Fortunately, he was deceived in both instances, though his bayonet was uncomfortably near as I ran through the scant opening between the gates and shut them clanging in his face. A hundred yards farther on, the gate-keeper meanwhile swaying between apparent astonishment and stupefaction, a *drowski* was waiting, with a change of clothing, revolvers, and a passport provided by members of our party in the town. Arriving, after a furious drive, at the river, which was frozen over, and reaching a chosen rendezvous, I was furnished with money and rations sufficient to maintain me economically for several days, and also with an excellent chart of the territory lying between Akatui and Vladivostok—three hundred miles of almost barren country infested with Chinese marauders and fairly bristling with obstacles which might offer defeat in the shape of starvation, freezing, or capture.

Fortunately, however, and strange as it may appear, the prison authorities were unable for some hours to determine exactly which prisoner had escaped. This, of course, was greatly to my advantage, despite the fact that a score of soldiers at once began scouring the country in a search which may still be going on. Dispensing, however, with many superfluous details, and touching on the somewhat amusing sequel, I have been informed, since arriving in the United States, by way of Vladivostok and Japan, of the manner in which my loyal fellow-prisoners concealed my identity until nearly nightfall on the day of my escape. I had departed too hurriedly to hear the big prison gong announce the fact. But all the inmates were immediately ordered to their cells and a systematic, though torpid, investigation was begun. Sazonov and Melnikov, who shared my cell, had secured a large piece of cheese, out of which they fashioned a face and pair of feet. A dummy was made and placed in my bed, one side of the face showing and the feet protruding from under the coarse prison blanket. Arriving at our cell on his round of inspection, a guard found Sazonov and Melnikov standing beside my bed in apparent conversation with the occupant. A hurried glance at the bed, with the feet and face showing in the semi-darkness, satisfied him that a third man was there, my friends explaining briefly that I was indisposed and was resting. This performance was repeated three times during the afternoon before the deception was discovered.

Such stupidity may seem incredible, but there is so much disaffection among the military, police, and prison authorities of the Russian empire, so much secret—and indeed open—sympathy with the revolutionary parties and movement, that it is by no means difficult for one to escape from a Siberian prison. To escape, however, from Siberia is quite another story. The very isolation of the region, the rigor of the climate, and the problem of keeping body and soul together long enough to reach a friendly frontier, are far more insurmountable barriers than the government itself maintains in and around Siberia.

That the governing authorities, when not lethargic and sheepishly or brutally zealous, are often in positive or negative sympathy with the revolutionary cause was very plainly shown, writing from strictly personal knowledge, by the recent escapes of Colonel Petrovsky, of Deutsch and Parvus, leaders of the Social Democratic party; by the escape of Krapotkin from the famous fortress of Peter and Paul; by that of the noted lawyer and journalist, Savienkov, a few months ago, and by many others, supplementing my own episode, which have never been recited in print. Deutsch and Parvus were provided by partisans with an algeba containing authentic passports, while they were being railroaded to a Siberian community far in the interior. Stopping over night at a Siberian village, they readily obtained permission from the escort to visit some acquaintances, who provided them with money and spirited them into the surrounding forest while the guards were making merry in a public house.

Savienkov was arrested in Sebastopol, having been followed by spies from Finland, and was condemned to death by court-martial. His arrest created a great sensation in the Russian papers, as Savienkov was recognized as one of the premier lawyers of the empire, who had many clients among the nobility. He was visited, while under arrest and awaiting execution, by a trusted police official who volunteered to further his escape by escorting him out of the prison himself—and this was successfully negotiated, the police official being provided by the revolutionists with means for leaving Russia.

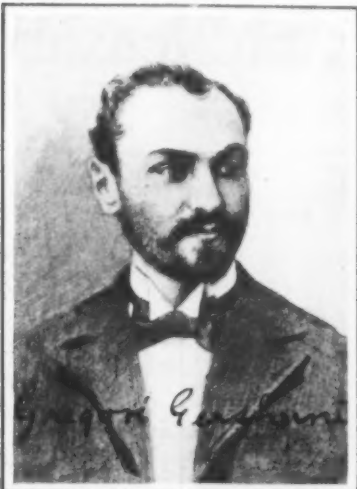
But perhaps the most remarkable escape effected in recent years, that of John Bokanovski from the great Kiev prison, is not only dramatic and indicative of the manner in which the *okhrana* is circumvented, but of the ease with which the shrewdest prison authorities may be deceived. Bokanovski, surnamed the Cossack because of his courage, imperturbable cool-

Continued on page 95.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER. "Its purity has made it famous." 50c. per case.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS SCHLUSSELBERG PRISON, AT ST. PETERSBURG, IN WHICH GERSHUNI AWAITED EXPECTED EXECUTION.



GREGORI GERSHUNI, THE NOTED RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST, WHO MADE A REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM A SIBERIAN PRISON.



ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT PRISON AT AKATUI, SIBERIA, FROM WHICH GERSHUNI, BY AN INGENUOUS TRICK, ESCAPED.



SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE SCHLUSSELBERG PRISON.



EXILES UNDER GUARD LEAVING MOSCOW ON THE LONG AND HEART-BREAKING JOURNEY TO SIBERIA.—Bulla.



LEON PARVUS AND L. DEUTSCH, ARRESTED LEADERS OF THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC PARTY, EN ROUTE TO SIBERIA WITH OTHER EXILES.—Bulla.



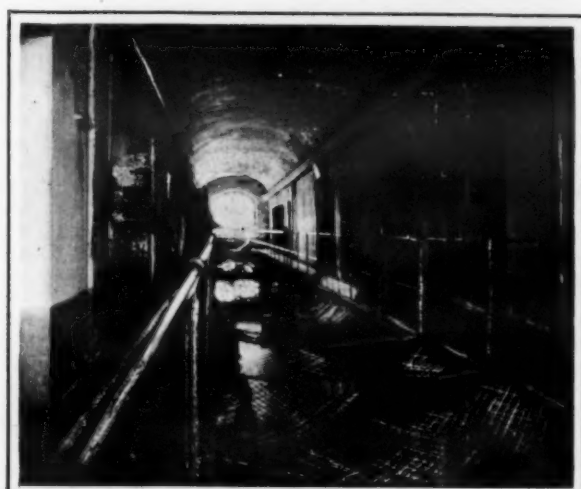
HIGH WALL SURROUNDING THE SCHLUSSELBERG PRISON IN WHICH GERSHUNI WAS IMPRISONED.



PLACE AT KIEV PRISON WHERE CONDEMNED REVOLUTIONISTS ARE EXECUTED BY SHOOTING.



C. B. BAOMASHOV, WHO ASSASSINATED M. SIFIAGUINE, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.



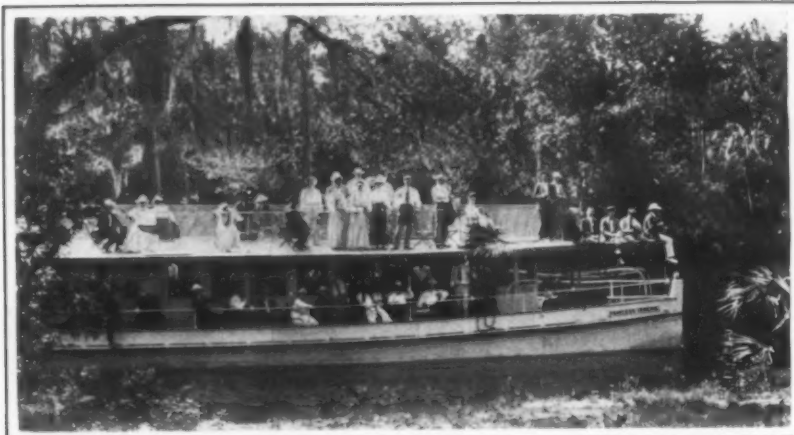
CORRIDOR IN THE CENTRAL PRISON AT MOSCOW, WHERE FOR A TIME GERSHUNI WAS CONFINED.

TRoubles OF REVOLUTIONISTS IN TERRORIZED RUSSIA.

GLOOMY PRISONS IN WHICH GERSHUNI AND OTHER LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION WERE CONFINED, AND FROM WHICH THEY ESCAPED, AND THE SAD MARCH OF EXILES TO SIBERIA.—Photographs from William Griffith. See opposite page.

The Winter Exodus of Pleasure-seekers to Florida

By Harriet Quimby



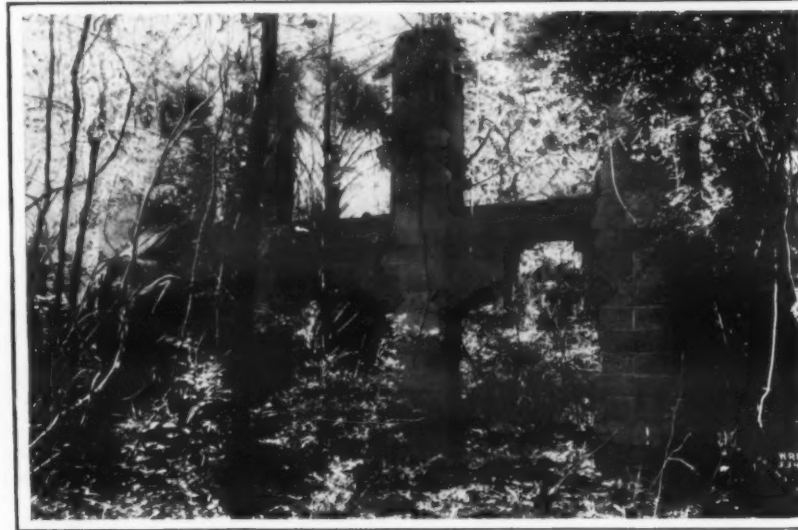
JOLLY EXCURSIONISTS TAKING A STEAMBOAT RIDE UP THE TOMOKA RIVER.



INTERESTING GROUP OF CADDIES AT THE ORMOND (FLA.) GOLF LINKS.



A WAIF FROM THE SEA—HUGE JEW-FISH WASHED UP ON THE BEACH AT ORMOND.



RUINS OF AN INDIGO-MILL NEAR ORMOND, FLA., WHICH WAS OPERATED A CENTURY AGO.

NO STATE in the Union, unless it be California, proves so powerful a magnet to seekers of pleasure and a tropical climate as Florida. No other country, with the above exception, holds more of interest—historical, romantic, and modern. California has its geysers, its old missions, and its atmosphere of early days before the "gringo" came. Florida has its old slave markets, its ruins of indigo mills, its rice-fields, and its alligators. Both States have in winter an abundance of flowers, of oranges and lemons, and of moss-laden trees, and each has a seacoast which cannot rival the other's except in name, for both are perfect. To the New Yorker, however, Florida, being within easy reach, is the favorite playground during the uncertain winter months of the North. Since the adoption of the Ormond beach for the international automobile races, this attractive place has become one of the principal magnets among the many East coast resorts. Here the visitor may enjoy all sorts of variations in a single day of amusement.

To the romantically inclined, and particularly to the lover of nature, the trip up the Tomoka, the famous river with the Indian name, is a treat which should not be missed in favor of the other attractions. To constitute a perfect day one must rise early and take a brisk walk along the beach, which is as hard as a cement walk. Back to the hotel for an old-fashioned Southern breakfast, then down to the little pier directly in front of the hotel, where, before the preliminary warning of the Tomoka boat whistles, at 9.30, you will have time to talk with the shell-gatherer, who goes out every day and returns with a boat filled with strange sea growths and fishes. You have scarcely time to purchase a couple of souvenirs and hand them to the bell-boy to take back for you; then you run quickly up the gangway and are off before there is time to reach the upper deck. The boat sails first about six miles down the Halifax River before it turns Tomoka Point, where the combating currents shift the mud banks, and two chances to one you are stuck on a bank for a time before you enter the Tomoka proper. This little river runs through a semi-tropical forest, and through palmetto-dotted prairies, where dikes and ditches show traces of ancient rice-fields. A few miles from the Point the river becomes so narrow that the sides of the boat brush the rushes on the bank on one side, and on the other a passenger on the lower deck might easily touch the bank with a cane.

The first cry of real excitement is that of "Alligator on the right!" and all hands make a rush to the right, where, in fact, there is an alligator, some fifteen feet long, sunning himself unconcernedly on the bank, and who does not so much as waggle a tail as the boat splashes by within a couple of feet. He is used to the boat, to the click of kodaks, and to the curious eyes of the passengers, and he probably knows that there is a law to protect him, hence his indiffer-

ence to a mere human. "Alligator to the left!"—this time we are in time to see a brown log fall off into the water. After this, for several miles or so, the cry of "alligator" becomes monotonous, there are so many of them along the banks and also in the water, where only the nose can be seen, and that only for an instant. These ferocious-looking beasts are not dangerous if let alone, and many fishermen prove their bravery by going up the Tomoka in small row-boats from which they fish for black bass.

A limb of an oak-tree which hangs out over the river holds a row of turtles, which splash into the water at the first sight of the boat. Along the banks are turtles in twos and threes sunning themselves, but always with one eye on the alert for their natural enemies, the 'gators. Past an open space, we are told, before the Seminole War extensive cotton-fields flourished. Attention is again attracted to the once fortified sugar plantation of the Addisons, where the flotilla of marauders was destroyed and every man shot. The trip covers over twelve miles up the path of water so narrow that the boat cannot turn in the natural river, but is obliged to put about in a small space which has been made by man for the convenience of excursionists.

On the return trip, half-way from Tomoka Point, the pleasure-seekers are invited to a picnic spread prepared on a particularly beautiful wooded stretch of bank. The "picnic" has been brought out and made ready for the hungry Tomoka trippers by employees of the Hotel Ormond, who drove out in surreys or drags to surprise the excursionists by a delightful variation in the homeward trip, which comprises one of the most beautiful drives in Florida. If the driver is a good one he drives a half-mile or so out of his way to show his guests the ruins of the old indigo mills which were in operation a century ago. The drive through the forest home fairly shrieks history and romance, and when, in an hour or so, one sights the hotel in the distance across the bridge, one regrets that it is all over. With the exception of a sail up the St. John's, which is very similar, there are no trips in Florida so attractive as that of the Tomoka.

Recent Deaths of Noted Persons.

GEORGE W. BURNHAM, of Willimantic, Conn., known as the father of spiritualism in Connecticut. General Sir Percival de Bathe, of England, father-in-law of Lily Langtry, the actress.

Henry E. Highton, one of the ablest and most prominent lawyers of California.

Rev. Henry van Hoogen, of Paterson, N. J., president of the Christian Reformed Church Synod.

Miss Nancy E. Campbell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a descendant of the first Earl of Argyle, and noted for

her work in educating and Christianizing Chinese and Japanese.

Muzaffer - Ed - Din, the learned and liberal Shah of Persia, the richest monarch in the world, who granted his people a constitution.

Lieutenant - General Vladimir Pavloff, military procurator or advocate-general at St. Petersburg, known as "Hangman Pavloff," assassinated by a Terrorist, being the eleventh prominent Russian killed by revolutionists within twenty months.

Princess Mary, of Saxe-Altenburg, Austria, former and last Queen of the kingdom of Hanover, which was absorbed by Prussia.

Stephan Vassilievich Aunikin, of Kneff, Russia, the foremost leader of the Russian peasants, founder of the Group of Toil, and member of the first Duma.

Rev. Henry A. Barry, of Boston, a prominent Roman Catholic clergyman and author, whose books were commended by the Pope.

Rev. Oliver Dyer, of Boston, first stenographer in the United States, first shorthand reporter in the United States Senate, and a well-known author.

Leonard McLathan, of Ocean Park, Cal., founder of the silver and nickel plate industry of Niagara Falls, and the first to suggest utilization of the power of the great cataract.

William Merrick, of Morristown, N. J., a veteran railroad man, and the oldest train baggage-master in the United States.



MUZAFFER-ED-DIN, Shah of Persia, a liberal and learned monarch.

If Your Dinner Distresses,

HALF a teaspoonful of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in half a glass of water will bring quick relief.

Unsweptened Condensed Milk.

BORDEN'S Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk is ideal milk, collected under perfect sanitary conditions, condensed in vacuo to the consistency of cream, preserved by sterilization only. Suitable for any modification and adapted to all purposes where milk or cream is required.

Clear Creek and Gilpin Nearing Par

A Resume of the Remarkable Course of this Stock and Its Possibilities as a Money-making Investment—By E. C. Rowe

THE PRICE in the open market of Clear Creek and Gilpin stock is daily ascending, with what looks like an irresistible movement, to a very much higher level. Moreover, the buying, I am told, seems to be of the "best"—that is, the absorption, which is going on in a daily increasing volume, is acknowledged to be by the large interests of Wall Street, the principals of which have made critical examination of the vast property at Dumont, Col., within a recent date. The stock is daily traded in on the New York curb, with an aggregate volume of sales averaging 5,000 shares, and the present curb-price quotation is 7½ bid with no offerings at less than 7½. When the underwriters of Clear Creek and Gilpin, Messrs. A. R. Specht & Company, the New York banking house, offered this stock for public subscription in November at \$5 a share (\$10 parity), the public responded immediately and the sale of \$5 stock was of very large volume. As the stock became active on the New York curb, the price rose gradually and almost without a waver until the present level was reached. The underwriters, quite naturally, after the \$5 allotment was exhausted, refused to market any more of their stock at prices lower than those hourly reported on the New York curb. The first purchasers of this stock—that is, a few of them—took their profits as the stock rose in price, offering their shares through stock-exchange firms, but the curb brokers declare such offerings were absorbed without apparent effect on the price, and the bids always exceed the offerings by at least twenty.

The firmness of this stock is especially noteworthy in the light of recent events on the New York curb. During the slump of Nipissing, when most of the other mining stocks were carried down with this Cobalt stock, Clear Creek and Gilpin remained steady, although active on daily transactions of considerable magnitude. This stock is not a manipulated one and the price daily quoted is a bona-fide market value. I doubt if there is a mining stock traded in on the curb held in higher esteem by brokerage houses than Clear Creek and Gilpin, promoted and sponsored by the well-known and ultra-conservative banking house of A. R. Specht & Company, No. 43 Exchange Place, New York. The Clear Creek and Gilpin M., D. and T. T. Company's enterprise at Dumont, Col., instantly appeals to the careful and inquisitive investor.

One may happen to be unable to size up a mining stock and its money-making possibilities from the standpoint of an expert. No doubt many of the purchasers of Clear Creek and Gilpin stock, when it was put out in November by the underwriters, were of this class, but they reason, and quite sensibly, that anything put out by the firm of Messrs. Specht & Company must be good. Such reasoning is not fallacious.

Messrs. Specht & Co. have too high a reputation in banking and mining circles to maintain, to permit their taking the public into an enterprise that did not have all the marks of being a great money-maker. This firm's customers in past deals, having made much money in their ventures, are too valuable an asset to be regarded lightly or to be trifled with. Hence, it may be within the realm of reason to believe the writer when he says that Messrs. A. R. Specht & Co. knew beyond any possible doubt that Clear Creek and Gilpin would be a successful mining enterprise and an amazingly large money-maker before the shares were offered to the firm's customers and to the general public.

But few investors in mining stock know very much about theoretical mining, nor would they be likely to know the value of a mine were they to visit the property and carefully size it up from a personal examination. A good many persons do visit mines with a view to subsequently purchasing shares in the enterprise, but I think most of them would confess afterward that their trip was fraught with more confusing mystery after the examination of the property than were they to have studied a prospectus and gone it blind. Hence, there is considerable importance—a very great importance—in knowing the standing of the promoters and sponsors of a mining enterprise.

Many speculators, it is to be confessed, who go their hazards into mining stocks by blind action alone, win the long end of the game, and not infrequently make goodly profits. But this is mere speculative gambling, with heavy odds against the dice-thrower. The conservative investor, the man who really wants to make legitimate profits from his commitment, looks very carefully before investing, and says, "Give me proof of your standing, Mr. Promoter, and then I will consider your proposition."

If a mining enterprise is founded on merit, if it is a mine and not somebody's prospect, technical proof is easy of access in these days of scientific knowledge. But the most skillful money-makers in mining stocks look beyond engineers' and assayers' reports to the men themselves backing the enterprise; hence, when A. R. Specht & Co. label a stock as sterling it means something to the investor. And if the investor has personal acquaintance with the firm of A. R. Specht & Co., he knows that the stock so labeled is about as good a proposition as brains and honest dealing, backed by extensive capital, can put before the public.

As well and favorably known in the East—and, indeed, all over the country—as the firm of Specht & Co. undoubtedly is, there are, of course, very many persons who would like to buy mining stock of the right sort who have never heard of this firm. To these the commercial agency reports are easily avail-

able, Dun giving the firm next to their very highest rating. If this is not enough, Messrs. Specht & Co. say to LESLIE'S readers: "We are offering you, in the shares of the Clear Creek and Gilpin Co., what we think is the best mining investment put before the American public in recent years; we are certain that our customers will make a great deal of money by owning a partnership in this great enterprise at Dumont, and we are morally certain that at prices anywhere near the present curb-market level the stock is a purchase; indeed, we believe these prices are lower than they will ever be again. To be sure, this we cannot guarantee, but we state our honest belief, and we say buy Clear Creek and Gilpin now; take on all you can afford to through our brokerage department, and if at the end of six months from the date of your purchase you wish to be reimbursed, for any reason whatsoever, our firm will give you exactly what you paid for your stock, plus a six-per-cent. interest, and there will be no quibbling over the transaction."

That Messrs. A. R. Specht & Co. are abundantly able to do what they offer is attested by their financial standing, a report of which is easily obtained through any of the several national banks the firm does business with, through the commercial agencies, or by correspondence with members of the New York Stock Exchange. They make LESLIE'S readers an extremely business-like offer and a very generous one—one seldom duplicated. Perhaps, however, this offer is not as generous as it seems. At the end of six months the stock will, in all likelihood, be selling on the curb at prices far in excess of the present quotations, and Specht & Co. will, of course, re-sell the returned shares at the higher price and make a substantial though legitimate profit. But the firm's offer is a fair one, nevertheless, and especially merits the attention of LESLIE'S readers, and those who desire to make doubly sure can visit the mines at Dumont, Col., this spring, either individually or in company with one of the several parties of stockholders who will go to Dumont after the breaking up of winter.

It is said one party will go out during February, for the property is quite as accessible in winter as in summer, the vast acreage seldom being covered with much snow, even in the severest weather. Dumont is scarcely fifty miles from Denver—a two-hours' ride by rail through one of the grandest scenic gorges in this country—and the properties of the Clear Creek and Gilpin Co. adjoin the tracks of the Colorado and Southern Railroad for more than a mile before the traveler reaches Dumont. The trip to Dumont may be made from almost anywhere on the Atlantic seaboard for a cost slightly in excess of \$140. No visitor to this spot could come away unimpressed with the amazing size of the property comprising the holdings of the Clear Creek and Gilpin Co., and the veriest novice could see that the company was constructing a mining structure that was likely to live as a mining monarch untold years to come.

There is no need to enter into a description, even a brief one, of these properties in this article; this has been done in preceding issues of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and at greater length in the technical mining magazines. Indeed, were the writer to set out on the task of mirroring this vast property to the eyes of the reader, and to do adequate justice to the subject, he would need the entire twenty-four pages of this paper for type alone, without showing any of the wonderful photographs which Mr. Dunn, LESLIE'S photographer, secured on a recent visit to Dumont. Twice the writer has visited this great enterprise. Once, in October last, he spent much time in exploring the vast estate with Mr. A. R. Specht and with the photographer.

The unusual fortune-making possibilities of this enterprise that Mr. Specht's genius has made possible so impressed the writer that the subsequent articles which appeared in LESLIE'S WEEKLY were so much a reflection of the writer's enthusiasm that many persons, without even sending for the company's prospectus, forwarded checks for stock to the agents in New York. In the light of present events, when the price of the stock is merrily climbing the ladder, the writer has no cause for regretting that his own enthusiastic belief in the future of this stock led others into believing the same way. These readers of my articles now have handsome profits on their investments, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. on the capital ventured. I hope the lucky ones are holding their stock for a permanent investment, however—holding for three or four or five hundred per cent. profit; or, who may know but there is a thousand per cent. profit, and within a year, in this stock?

I hope, too, the investors will not lose sight of the dividend possibilities of Clear Creek and Gilpin. They are very great, and dividends will come, I believe, before a date not very remote. To see one's investment increase a thousand per cent. in a year is a pretty good thing to have happen, but it is no unusual thing in mining stocks in this epoch of scientific mining. When mining investment pays at all, it pays big returns. There is no half-way work about it. One has but to read the mining notes in the daily press to see this. Fortunes are made almost over night nowadays in the mining world.

On the other hand, fortunes are lost every day by the public, who are all too willing to risk their money in prospects. The prospect stage of the mines which comprise the holdings of the great Clear Creek and

Gilpin Company was past a decade ago. A. R. Specht personally took the prospect risk and put his own money and time into the business of making mines out of these claims on Albro Mountain. This was thirteen years ago. It was at a time when mining for silver in Clear Creek County was at about its lowest ebb, and Mr. Specht secured a good many of the properties at about his own figure. His own time and fortune have since been cheerfully expended, and during all these thirteen years Mr. Specht has personally guided the work, advised, of course, by eminent engineers. He has personally taken out a quarter of a million dollars from one of the mines alone, and this, too, he has cheerfully put into the enterprise, with that persistent faith in his own judgment and the expert advice of his engineers that characterizes the make-up of all American men who create big things. Now the enterprise demands no further faith in any one's judgment. There seems to be no further need of using the word "risk" in any of the company's affairs. The value of the property is fully attested. The ore is there, and its value can be measured almost to the nicety of determining the company's earnings for years to come.

Mr. Specht, determined absolutely from the very first never to take the public into partnership in this enterprise, has found that he was carrying too great a load for any one man to bear. He was brought face to face with the fact that two million dollars more would be required to push the great Specht tunnel through to daylight in Gilpin County, and to pay for other extensive and costly improvements and equipment. Two million dollars out of any one man's bank account is more money than most men can spare, and Mr. Specht didn't have it—he admits this. But, with this sum expended on the properties, in addition to the million dollars Mr. Specht is said to have expended on them, and given a year's, or, at most, two years' time for development work, Mr. Specht would deliver to his mining partners the biggest gold-silver-copper mine in the United States. He believes this, his expert advisers believe it, and everybody who has sized the property up from personal examination believes it absolutely.

This exigency is the why and wherefore of Mr. Specht's taking outsiders into partnership in his pet mining enterprise. He needs the public's money, but he gives the public good collateral. Every share of capital stock of the seven-million-dollar Clear Creek and Gilpin Co. is covered by assets worth twice the par of the stock. These, mind you, are tangible assets. In addition to this, the intangible assets—that is, the prospective assets—are worth in value probably ten times the entire capitalization of the company. This enterprise is so vast that it bears about the same relation to an ordinary mining company that the United States treasury does to a country bank.

The highly-speculative mining stocks, so widely advertised at the present time in the newspapers, are often urged upon the speculator by the sophistry that all mines were once prospects. This is true, indeed. But bear in mind the statement recently attributed to one of the firm of Messrs. Guggenheim Brothers, that not one prospect in two hundred and fifty ever lives to see itself a mine, and when the public can buy stock in a mine—a real developed mine, where ninety-nine per cent. of the risk has been eliminated—it is, indeed, surpassing strange that there is any investment money left for the prospects and wildcats so widely advertised in the newspapers, and which, even accrediting to them the virtue of honest intentions, have, individually, by mining average, but one chance in two hundred and fifty of ever making good.

And now, at this time, when mining investment has grown into such wide popularity all over the United States, when one may make more money from mining investment than he can from any other speculative commitment, when such speculation is safer than it has been at any time in the history of metallic mining, it is well to remember that the avenues for intelligent inquiry that will segregate the good from the bad are broad and easy of access.

Out of thousands of mining stocks on the market at the present time, there are some that merit serious consideration by those who wish to see their finances increase. I have no doubt there are plenty of mining securities as desirable as the Clear Creek and Gilpin stock. Of this I cannot say, however, from personal knowledge, but I do know that the Clear Creek and Gilpin stock represents one of the grandest mining enterprises in this country to-day, that it represents real assets, that it represents, too, the firm of A. R. Specht & Co., who have never launched any mining or industrial stock, so far as I know, upon the public that has not more than made good. As soon as the underwriters, Messrs. A. R. Specht & Co., have disposed of all the stock they have allotted for public subscription, it is extremely probable that then the price will advance to a level twice or three times the par value of the stock. I am told, and I get my information from reliable sources, that developments at Dumont, which are now under way, promise a very sensational programme in the near future.

Whether the reader becomes a shareholder in Clear Creek and Gilpin or not, it will be interesting for him to watch the course of the stock. It is reported every day in the New York papers. If daily quotations, however, are not obtainable, they may be had through almost any Stock Exchange firm, or direct from Messrs. A. R. Specht & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York.

JASPER'S HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York. Mining inquiries should be addressed to "Roscoe," Editor Mining Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

THE SUDDEN rise and equally sudden slump in the stock of the Trinity Copper Company on the Boston market illustrates the folly of the American people, or, rather, of a part of them embraced among the thoughtless masses. Because Mr. Lawson printed paid-for advertisements, promising a speedy advance of Trinity to \$65, and holding out the possibilities that it might go to par, the stock jumped, in a few days, from about ten or eleven dollars a share to three or four times that figure. It dropped as suddenly as it went up. Then it resumed its fluctuations once more. How many who bought before the drop lost their money when the cyclone struck Trinity? Mr. Lawson does not care about this. All the comfort he gives his unfortunate followers is that they should have bought and paid for the stock and held it, regardless of panicky conditions. This is like urging a man not to move his property from his house though the adjoining one may be in flames.

I wish I could impress upon the minds of my readers one fact, namely, that if any big man in Wall Street has a particularly good thing—a sure thing—he will not advertise it in the newspapers. He will do precisely what every one of my readers would do under like circumstances; that is, he will keep it for himself. Sure things are rare in this world, and if Trinity Copper was worth \$65 when it was selling around \$11, and if it is to pay such enormous dividends, no one would know the truth better than the president of the company, Mr. Law-

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son himself. Have my readers ever heard of J. P. Morgan, James Hill, Mr. Harriman, or Mr. Schiff tipping off the public to buy a certain stock which they controlled, on the promise that they would double or quadruple its value? I guess not.

If Mr. Lawson wanted Trinity to go up it was because he wanted to sell some of it. He had too much of a good thing and was willing to pass it around. I fancy he passed a good deal of it around on the rise which trebled the price of his stock, and that those who sold it in the panic sold it to gentlemen who might have been pretty well acquainted with Mr. Lawson, and who were therefore not averse to making a scoop both on the advance and on the decline. The Trinity incident illustrates the worst phase of the spirit of gambling, the avarice of one who wants to sell, and the ignorance of one who wants to buy. The most unfortunate feature of this matter is that it has caused losses to many small holders who can ill afford even the smallest loss.

It is a question, in view of what Mr. Lawson said over his own signature in his advertisements, whether he cannot be held responsible for these losses, in equity if not in law. He invited the public to join him in buying Trinity all the way up to 65, and, as I understand it, he pledged his word as president of the company that he was giving honest advice. The public has had some other experiences with Lawson. The exposure of his conduct in the Amalgamated matter has not been forgotten, and his failure to keep his much-vaunted promise to reveal the inside of what he called a gigantic conspiracy against the public is of such recent occurrence that it has left thoughtful people in no mood to place reliance on anything that Lawson may hereafter say or do. If there was such a conspiracy Lawson must have been one of the conspirators. Once more I impress upon the readers of this department that they should make it an inviolable rule to run away from any man who offers them a get-rich-quick scheme and tells them that he is simply a public benefactor who wants to give other people the best chance to make money that they ever had in their lives. This fellow is always looking for a chance for himself.

While on this line I might add that the disclosures in the Union Pacific investigation, regarding the despotic power in tremendous financial operations conferred upon Mr. Harriman, have produced an ill effect on Wall Street. These disclosures were followed by some very remarkable statements in a leading New York daily, with names, dates, and figures intended to show a reign of graft, under the old dispensation, in a leading railroad. I dislike this sort of publicity, and it seems to me that no time should be lost by the Union Pacific in making a satisfactory explanation. One of the charges in the Union Pacific matter was that Mr. Harriman and his friends made \$10,000,000 by unloading on the Union Pacific a batch of Illinois Central stock which they had accumulated at low figures and sold at a higher price. Mr. Harriman, it is shown, sold to the Union Pacific, at his own price, his holdings in the St. Joseph and Grand Island after it had had a mysterious and sudden rise, which rise may perhaps be explained by his transaction in connection with the Union Pacific.

Some time ago, in this column, I called attention to the fact that railroad magnates had become enormously wealthy on moderate salaries, and that this wealth had been accumulated recently during an era in which it had become fashionable for the leading railways to become the owners of heavy amounts of stock in other lines. I said it was only fair to the public and to the shareholders of the companies re-

ferred to that the prices at which these shares were purchased by the railroads, and the parties from whom the purchases were made, should be disclosed, in order to disprove any suggestion of graft. I repeated the statement made to me by one who had some knowledge of the situation, that an investigation of these facts would disclose an even greater surprise than was occasioned by the investigation of the New York insurance companies.

While we blame the officers of the railroads, we should not forget that they are responsible parties, and that they hold their places mainly because of the acquiescence of shareholders. If stockholders are foolish enough year after year to give their proxies to untrustworthy officials, are the shareholders not blamable? If stockholders are not sufficiently interested in a corporation to attend its annual meetings and to compel its officers to make true and satisfactory reports, are the stockholders not to blame for their indifference? In other countries the annual meetings of shareholders of corporations are largely attended, and questions are freely asked and answered. In this country an annual meeting is scarcely ever attended by more than one or two shareholders outside of the officials or their attorney, and if questions are asked they are usually evaded or left unanswered.

The power to secure corrective legislation is in the hands of the people if they will only see fit to exercise it. While I have not always commended the attitude of President Roosevelt toward corporate interests, conditions have justified many things that he has done, and have given his actions widespread popularity among the people. More than once the warning note to the corporations has been sounded by some of the leading minds of Wall Street, but it seems as if the lesson were too hard to

learn. It will have to be learned some day. Is it not better for the corporations that they should meet the situation frankly, fairly, and satisfactorily, of their own accord, rather than to compel the continued use of the "big stick" to bring about desired results?

So far as the stock market is concerned, it confronts still another danger at this time. That is, that, if through investigations and disclosures and persistent prosecutions the magnates of the Street are driven or frightened away, they may discontinue their operations and leave Wall Street to take care of itself. They cannot do this as long as they are loaded with securities unsalable, unless at a loss, if thrown upon the market. But that they have a way of disposing of their burdens has been revealed by the investigation of the Union Pacific, and perhaps the big men are not as heavy holders of securities, individually and collectively, as the Street has generally believed. At all events, the situation of the stock market in the month of January, which has usually been considered a good month for higher prices, is not more encouraging than it was during the closing months of the past year. The stringency in money has not been relieved to any considerable extent, and no bull factors of importance have been disclosed. It is still good advice to go slowly, and to keep plenty of ready money on hand for unexpected bargains.

"C. L." New York: Catlin & Powell Co., 35 Wall Street, N. Y., deal largely in mining stocks.

"P." Marshalltown, O.: I prefer not to express an opinion on the bonds in question. Any bank in your city is able to give you advice. It can get the facts through a mercantile agency.

"T." Fort Yates, N. D.: All the advices I can secure in reference to the rubber company indicate that it is of a highly speculative character. I do not advise the purchase of the stock.

"B." Annapolis, Md.: I do not advise the purchase of the high-priced shares at this time. Tight money very often compels liquidation of investment securities, and places some of them on the bargain-counter.

Continued on page 93.

56th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEW YORK.

HENRY B. STOKES, President.

Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization Plus Amount Now Held For Their Benefit

\$76,995,608.27

ADMITTED ASSETS JANUARY 1st, 1907.

Bonds and Stocks owned by Company	\$3,122,366.46
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien (Fire Ins. \$7,418,308)	8,239,310.00
Loans on Bonds	104,000.00
Real Estate owned by Company	5,320,500.00
Loans and Liens on Policies in force	1,933,252.57
Cash in Bank and on hand	446,169.18
Net Deferred Premiums and Premiums in Course of Collection	173,071.07
Interest and Rents due and accrued	226,780.24

\$19,565,449.52

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (as Computed by New York Insurance Department)	\$17,748,747.00
All other liabilities	168,034.17
CONTINGENT RESERVE FUND	1,648,668.35

\$19,565,449.52

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Send for beautifully illustrated descriptive booklet.

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Passenger Traffic Manager,
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Chicago.



Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 92.

"D. P. S." Philadelphia: I do not believe in putting all my eggs in one basket.

"H." Ware, Ia.: I still believe that New York Transportation shares will some day have greater value. The local transportation franchises in New York City controlled by this company are of such a character that they would be very difficult to obtain at this time.

"F." Watertown, N. Y.: I certainly do not advise the purchase of the stock of the North Coast Co-operative Lumber Company from statements they make in their prospectus. I do not understand what is meant by guaranteed stock, or that the guarantee has any particular significance.

"S." Kaukauna, Wis.: I have repeatedly said that if American Hide and Leather offered an opportunity for speculation it was not on the reports of its earnings, which have been very discouraging, but on the belief that the company might some time be absorbed by the leather trust on a favorable basis.

"H." Evansville, Ind.: I have repeatedly said that the Chicago and New York Electric Air Line is really all in the air. The proposition is absurd on its face. It would cost as much as the capital stock is estimated at to secure terminals in the leading cities through which it would pass. It is strange that people can be deceived by such propositions.

"S. S. P." New York: 1. Unless I had knowledge of the management of the property and its real value, I would have nothing to do with it. No reliable information is obtainable by me. 2. This is not a good time to go into the stock market. Conditions remain unsettled, and will continue to be so until the stringency in money is relieved to a reasonable extent.

"M." Philadelphia: The last report of the Lake Superior Corporation showed that its earnings were rapidly increasing, and were more than sufficient to meet the fixed charges, including those on the income bonds. While it is said that some of its properties have not developed as well as anticipated, yet there is little doubt that it has value if the prosperity of the iron business continues.

"Rex." Hartford: The business of the company is no doubt expanding rapidly. If you believe it to be in bad shape, you can very easily refuse consent to the proposition and compel the courts to fix a price on the stock, based on a valuation of the company's property, as your notice states. With the general boom in railway equipment companies, I have been led to believe that all of them were profiting greatly. The company to which you refer is a pretty close corporation and does not take the public freely into its confidence.

"L." New London, Conn.: 1. The only dividend-payer in your list of cheap stocks is Ont. and Western. I prefer that or Texas Pacific to Southern Railway common. Talk of a reduction of dividends on Southern Railway preferred may be premature, but the rumor has hurt the common as well as the preferred. 2. On the next upturn toward par, it might be well to take a profit. The stock to which you refer is strongly pooled. 3. Watch my weekly suggestions. 4. I see nothing in sight to give stocks generally an upward tendency.

"A. B. C." New York: 1. The only difficulty about the small industrial proposition is that if you should want to realize on your stock at any time it might be very difficult to do so without a sacrifice. If the company would agree to take the stock from you at par, with interest, and if you regarded the guarantee as good, it would be another thing. 2. The Chicago and New York Elec. Railway could hardly get into either city over the trolley-line terminals unless the passengers changed cars, and that would not be pleasant. The whole scheme looks preposterous.

NEW YORK, January 17th, 1907.

JASPER.

Making Money in Mining.

THE announcement of the financial embarrassment of a trust company at Goldfields, which had been in a number of mining enterprises, reveals the speculative character of many of the mining propositions that spring up at every successful mining camp. The success of Nipissing led to the development of several other good properties and many poor ones in the Cobalt regions. The success of the Bisbee and Butte camps—in fact, of all the copper camps of note—has been followed by the exploitation of numerous mining companies having little more than meagre development work on claims of questionable value as assets. The public has been taught so many lessons by the failure of wild-cat mining schemes that it is almost incredible that it can still be caught by new ones. The eagerness of the average man and woman to take chances, to gamble, to hold a lottery ticket, is such that it only requires a skillful handler of the pen to coax money away from the thoughtless. If they lose, they forget the lesson until they are caught again. Legitimate mining enterprises are injured in consequence, yet there are plenty of these in which investors and speculators can safely take a chance.

"B." Buffalo: I see nothing particularly attractive about the San Domingo.

"B." Lake City, Minn.: Neither of them is recommended.

"P." Chicago: I do not advise the purchase of the stock, and think the company is too highly capitalized.

"L." Billings, Mo.: Your description is not very clear. I can obtain no information regarding the property.

"F. H. H.": I have no information regarding it, and nothing appears to be known of it by those familiar with such properties.

"D." Minneapolis: I think very little of any of the properties to which your letter refers. They are a great way from the investment field.

"R. J. H." Peoria, Ill.: None of the mining propositions on your list can be regarded as first class. You can do so much better, and I advise you to leave them all alone.

"P." Indianapolis: I have endeavored to obtain a satisfactory report regarding the operations of the company, but have not succeeded. Unless I had inside information I would proceed slowly.

"B." Warrensburg, Ill.: I know of no low-priced stock at less than the figures you mention that I could recommend. The property you speak of is a fair speculation, but is not in the investment class.

"M." Chicago: A man with very little means

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ought not to speculate in any of the properties your letter refers to, as obviously they are all highly speculative. I doubt if one should have preference over the other.

"I." Alameda, Cal.: 1. The capital of the Calumet and Ariz. is \$2,500,000, Wolverine \$3,000,000, Tamarack \$1,500,000, Osceola \$2,500,000. 2. I would have nothing to do with the rubber company to which you refer.

"R. A." Sandusky, O.: The Ind. Mining Co. has a capital of \$1,500,000 and fourteen claims and a town site in Oregon. Considerable work has been done on the property, and if the price of copper continues at present high figure, it has some promise of success.

"E. P." St. Louis: None of the mines in your list is worth paying much attention to. The newspapers are full of advertisements of similar propositions and at all sorts of prices. Don't buy shares of any company merely on what is printed in the advertisements regarding them.

"S." Nunda, N. Y.: All that I can learn about the Clover Mountain Cons. mines is covered by the literature you submit. I am unable to get a satisfactory report of the company's development and progress, and little seems to be known about it by those interested in such properties.

"T. S. T." Toronto: Address your inquiry to Mr. John Boyd, General Manager, No. 56 Wall Street, New York. By inclosing 4 cents in stamps, you may secure a portfolio of views of the Palmer Mountain region, many of which will show you the recent progress made in the work of installing the new 100 stamp mill on the side of Palmer Mountain.

"F." Dedham, Mass.: 1. Greene-Gold-Silver, at the present price, is a fair speculation. 2. Tri-Bullion and Giroux are properties that promise well in the future. 3. Superior and Pittsburg has a large capital, \$20,000,000, and is a holding company, holding the securities of four subsidiary companies. The property is promising, but it has already had a pretty stiff advance.

"T. S." Troy: The Charter-Raton Co. is well spoken of. The par value of the stock is \$1, not \$5, as you inferred. Mr. Charles H. Morris, of Georgetown, Col., who reports on the property, and is also its superintendent, is an engineer of good repute. The Charter and Raton lodes, which cross the property, are said to be the most productive ore bodies in the region of Empire.

"A." Menominee, Mich.: 1. The Butte Copper Exploration Co. has a number of claims and options in Montana. The company is in good hands. The capital is not large, and while the ore is of low grade, with the present price of copper it is believed that the property may be worked to advantage. 2. The Anaconda-Sonora is a high-grade proposition, and all the reports received from it continue to be encouraging.

"G." Buffalo: I learn that the Mineral Hill stock will soon be traded in on both Boston and New York curbs. There should be no trouble in finding a market for your stock; but why sell? The company is pushing development at the mines in Danville, Wash., and hopes to commence dividend payments this year. If you write to F. E. Houghton Co., Old South Building, Boston, Mass., you may obtain a comprehensive report of the company's work for 1906.

"B. B." Baltimore: You are correct in your information regarding the Verde Grande. The map submitted to you shows that it is in juxtaposition to the United Verde. It is evident that the statements regarding the Verde Grande were based on misapprehension, and doubtless referred to the Mexican property of the same name. It is unfortunate that the American mine bears the name of the Mexican property, though the Verde Grande people say they had no knowledge of the Mexican property when they named their mine, and I have no doubt they speak truthfully.

"H." Oswego: A. R. Specht & Co., underwriters of the Clear Creek and Gilpin stock, are well rated. In view of the extensive holdings of the company, the \$7,000,000 capitalization does not seem large. The company is said to own by government patents nearly 4,000 acres of proven ground at Dumont, Col., on which are two developed mines, the Albion and the Eagle, with records of large production in past years, on or above the 400-foot levels, where work stopped when extensive tunneling operations commenced. The holdings of the company are said to be very valuable. Any firm of brokers or any stock-exchange firm will fill your order or supply information touching this property, but you had better write direct to A. R. Specht & Co., No. 43 Exchange Place, New York.

Continued on page 94.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

IT IS significant that the leaders of the anti-administration forces in the life-insurance contest are so anxious to disclaim on the part of their movement any connection with Thomas W. Lawson. It is unfortunate, though, for the persons making this denial that Mr. Lawson is on record as having spent \$200,000 to accomplish the results at which they are aiming. Perhaps nothing has so damaged the cause of the "independents" as their association in the public mind with this notorious speculator.

I hope my readers who are in favor of a life-insurance house-cleaning will follow a leader who has no axe of his own to grind. Otherwise their last state would be worse than their first.

"P. O. Q." Taq. Club Swanton, Vt.: Everything depends upon your condition. If you desire the cash, that is one thing, and if you simply desire to carry the insurance for the benefit of dependents, that is another. If the latter, a paid-up participating policy for the entire value would be advisable. I believe you will get larger benefits than ever before from the Mutual Life policies under the new régime.

"R." Buffalo: 1. The Manhattan Life is one of the safest and best of the life-insurance companies. Its annual statement is satisfactory in every respect. It has no difficulties with its policy-holders, and has been free from charges which have been made against some of its largest competitors. 2. It is always a mistake to exchange a policy if you are in a sound company. You lose what you have already gained in the way of surplus and dividend privileges, and, in your case, these should amount to considerable, as you have had the policy for a number of years. 3. Not what the agent says, but what the company tells you, indicates your contract.

The Hermit

The Story of a Man Who Was Deaf

Geo. P. Way, of Detroit, tells briefly of the Means he used to relieve his own Deafness.



GEO. P. WAY,
Inventor.

More than 25 years ago I first noticed my hearing was impaired. Gradually it grew worse until in time I was unable to hear unless people shouted at me. Of course I tried various methods to help myself, but with very little benefit. I used to suffer greatly from "head noises."

One day when the "buzzing" in one ear was worse than usual, I placed a piece of cotton waste in it to see if the warmth would give relief. Judge of my surprise when I heard quite clearly sounds which previously had been faint and indistinct.

Noting the peculiar shape of the truft of cotton, I immediately began my experiments on an artificial ear drum. Knowing the danger of constantly wearing a piece of cotton in the ear, I at once looked for a material which would be pliable, aseptic and sensitive to sound vibrations. I studied under the best authorities on the ear, and made many different drums of all shapes and sizes, from all kinds of materials, until at last I perfected the Way Ear Drum.

My invention has been granted government patents both in the United States and abroad.

Thousands who, like myself, suffered from defective hearing, have found Way Ear Drums a great help. To you who still suffer I extend a cordial invitation to write me about your deafness. Tell me the cause and how long you have been deaf. I will gladly refer you to people whom you probably know, and tell you frankly whether I think my drum will help you. People who were born deaf and those who are totally deaf are generally beyond relief. Address Geo. P. Way, 1147 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



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"N. Y. & FLORIDA
SPECIAL"
"FLORIDA &
WEST INDIAN
LIMITED"

Making Money in Mining.

Continued from page 93.

"E." Duluth, Minn.: I am unable to obtain any information.

"G." Chattanooga: Anonymous communications not answered.

"F. A. H." Chicago: I do not regard the mine as in the best class, and think it is more of a promoter's scheme than a mining enterprise.

"J. H." Brooklyn: I do not advise the purchase of the Dinero shares at 10 cents or at any other price per share. Victoria Chief is far better.

"Syracuse," N. Y.: I am advised that the Sierra is doing very well and progressing rapidly with its proposed improvements. I will endeavor to get a report for the information of my readers generally.

"K." Columbus, O.: Neither the Marshall and Russell nor the Victor commend themselves as especially desirable. The latter has a claim upon which a small amount of work has been done, I am told.

"G." South Norwalk, Conn.: I can obtain no information about the mine, but the fact that the stock was pooled in the way you state, and for such a long period, makes its outlook not altogether reassuring.

"W." Geneva, N. Y.: 1. Do not regard the Continental Copper Co., of Lima, with particular favor. It is a holding company, and there is some question about the value of its holdings. 2. I can obtain no information in reference to the tunnel company in Mexico.

"C." New York: 1. The Wellington group has not been developed sufficiently to justify a fair estimate of its capabilities. At present it is speculative. The company has twenty-six claims in a territory that promises well. 2. The Goldfield propositions you mention are not regarded favorably.

"M." Somerville, N. J.: 1. Colonel R. H. Hopper, of the Victoria Chief, gives a number of excellent references. You will find them satisfactory, if you care to write to him for them and make your own investigation. 2. I am not certain as to your rights in the matter. It seems to be a case for a lawyer.

"Novice": Gold Hill Copper was pooled for a rise not long ago, but the pool seemed to be unable to sustain the price on the curb, and, instead of going to \$20 as predicted, it dropped to \$2 or \$3 a share. Recently, some handsome specimens of gold ores from the mines have been shown, and talk of another rise is heard. It looks promising just now.

"S." Kaukauna, Wis.: 1. I would have nothing to do with Trinity Copper or anything else in which Lawson shows his hand. If he was ever known to have a good thing which he did not keep for himself, I wish he or some of his friends would name it. When the smash in Trinity comes it will be interesting to read Lawson's explanations. Lawson is a past master in this line of business.

"L. A." New Orleans: I think most highly of Mr. Curran and his Mogollon bonds and stock bonus. As you say, his property has a small capital, considering the great amount of expenditures already made upon it, and the very small bonded debt. I doubt if his offer of bonds with a bonus of stock will be continued very long, especially at such a time when the demand for good copper stocks, and those that promise to be good, is rapidly increasing.

"G." Philadelphia: 1. I have never recommended any of the company's properties. There is nothing in your list worth talking about. When will people learn that printer's ink is very cheap, and that you can get anything printed that you want to write, and that there are plenty of smart fellows who will write anything that they are paid for? Deal only in the shares of companies regarding the management of which you have at least some little information. Otherwise, you might as well buy a ticket in a lottery.

"N." Elmira, N. Y.: No undeveloped mining property offers its shares as an investment. They are offered simply as an attractive speculation, and the mine to which you refer, as you will see by the price at which it is offered, must fall within that class. If its developments justify the payment of dividends, it will sell much higher, and the future value must therefore depend upon the results of the work now being done. This is the case with all new mining companies.

"E. M. C." Maine: 1. The manner in which the valuable Greene Con. property has been turned over to the control of the Cananea-Central, which was offered for sale two years ago, I am told, for less than \$1,000,000, is not conducive to the peace of mind of Colonel Greene or his shareholders. For that reason, many stockholders of Greene disposed of their holdings as soon as the size of the trick was disclosed to them. If it proves true that the Amalgamated has taken over the control of the Greene-Cananea, as seems likely, it is in the power of the Amalgamated to make such an exchange of stock as will benefit the Greene-Cananea people. For that reason, some of the Greene Con. shareholders are accepting the situation hopefully. 2. As to the exchange of stock, you must make up your own mind. 3. The Mogollon bonds are offered at par with a bonus of 50 per cent. in stock. As \$500,000 has been invested in the mill and improvements, and as only about \$100,000 of the bonds have been issued, the latter seem to be well secured. There is no doubt that a very valuable gold and silver strike has just been made in the Fannie mine adjoining the Mogollon, and that a similar strike has also been made in the "Little Charley," one of the Mogollon group. This camp is some distance from the railroad, and I believe is bound to come into prominence shortly. When it does, all the mines will stand far better and their shares will command higher prices. New York, January 17th, 1907. ROSCOE.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

A Little Careless.

"SHE wrote a dandy sensible article for the magazines on how to live on a thousand a year, but none of them would buy it."

"How was that?"

"She forgot to have any money left over to subscribe for magazines."

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"What did she do?"

"Sued him for non-support."

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Tommy Tatters—"Because they owed their rent."

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"Do? Go to the nearest drug store and get an

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Put it right on the back where the pain is, and in a very little while you will find relief. Let it stay a while and you will be cured." "Thank you. Good-bye."

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W. A. GRAHAM CLARKE, special agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor, tells American manufacturers that the average Japanese buyer, wholesale or retail, is not very far-sighted. He buys goods by their appearance and feeling, and not in consideration of their durability and wearing qualities. He is much influenced by cheapness, if the cheaper article be so made as to have as good an appearance as the more expensive. Some American firms have lost business by failure to note this peculiarity. They introduce either the very best quality of goods, whose prices are too high to meet the competition of others, or low-grade goods, whose appearance is such that they do not attract the Japanese buyer. The common saying in Japan is that American goods of fine quality are too high in price, and the cheap goods too poor. Simple trade-marks, such as dragons and butterflies and lotus flowers, are more effective in selling goods than simple lettering. There is no prejudice against religious emblems, but it is not permissible to use the sixteen-petaled imperial chrysanthemum.

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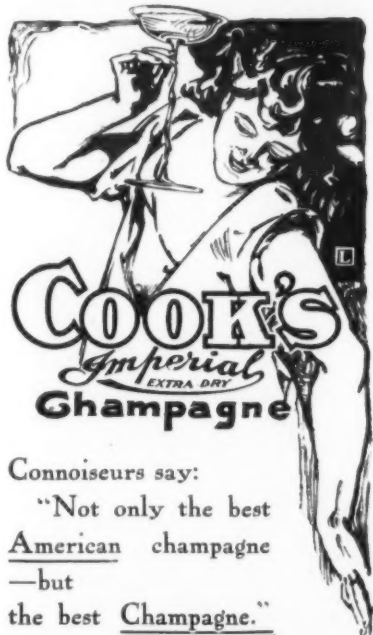
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Philadelphia Free School for Nurses

Continued from page 86.

wonderful work among the poor. The "volunteer corps" consists of 125 women who are not compelled to earn their living, but who desired the knowledge for home use.

There is a night class, composed of shop girls and factory workers, who meet twice a week for instruction. Some of these girls are capable of attending the sick after a few lessons, and nurse in families who are unable to pay the regulation price for a trained nurse, yet who do not ask it free of charge. In this way many of them earn from five to ten dollars a week. A class for colored girls is also maintained with a view to their carrying sanitation to their homes and nursing among their own race. If a nurse is successful in the dwelling of the poor, where there are lacking so many things necessary to comfort, how much more so will she be in the homes of affluence? And for that reason girls from this school are in demand and well paid by wealthy families. Frequently female physicians take the short course, the cost of which is merely nominal. Young mothers are often found among the students, and last year thirteen pupils took the course because they were soon to be married. A home study in which all the essential facts of nursing are taught by correspondence may be completed in six months at the cost of twelve dollars.

How I Escaped from Siberia.

Continued from page 88.

ness and taciturnity, and his companions had been in prison but a few weeks when they recognized in one of the new guards a revolutionary worker. Secret arrangements were at once made for liberating four of the inmates, including Bokanovski, the day before they were to start for Siberia. They were to be dressed as sentinels who, having finished their turn of duty, were leaving the prison and returning to their barracks.

At midnight, the hour set for the escape, an unforeseen difficulty presented itself in the guise of a warder, who showed no eagerness to leave the corridor in which the four men were confined. Bokanovski thereupon let a book fall into the court-yard, as though by accident, and the confederate dispatched the warder into the court-yard with instructions to secure the book and take it to the office for official inspection. As soon as he had gone the prisoners stole quietly from their cells, but, while groping through the poorly-lighted corridor, one of them stumbled and was luckless enough to grasp a rope to avoid falling. He had caught hold of a bell-rope, and instantly an alarm was sounded through the prison, followed by the noise of mustering soldiers and a confusion of voices. Ordering the prisoners to secrete themselves, the resourceful confederate hurried to the door, saying to the official who appeared that it was he who had rung the bell by accident. All became quiet again, and the four inmates, led by the daring confederate, passed unquestioned out of the prison, secured a skiff, and spent the next ten days voyaging down the Dnieper. As the guard disappeared simultaneously, and, owing to the hazy recollection of the gate-keeper the next day, none of the authorities divined the exact manner of the escape, it is supposed to this day that he was slain by the escaping party, who evidently had made some mysterious disposition of his body.

What Russian Farmers Want.

IN SPITE of the political troubles in Russia, a large trade in agricultural machines and implements is reported from the country surrounding Odessa. Foreign firms, however, competing for business in Russia, experience serious difficulty in finding honest and energetic agents among the natives, and must send out their own representatives.

The Manhattan Life Insurance Company.

THE fifty-sixth annual statement of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, which appears elsewhere in our columns, shows a large gain in assets. The Contingent Reserve Fund (Surplus) also shows a very handsome increase, notwithstanding the general unrest in life-insurance circles. The Armstrong Committee found no Wall Street affiliations, syndicate transactions, political nor legislative contributions in this company.

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